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Nothing New!!!

OR,

LOUISA,

THE

ORPHAN OF LENNOX ABBEY;

A

NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED BY J. BARFIELD,

Wardour-street, Soho;

FOR J. BOOTH, CORNER OF DUKE AND OF DUTCHESS STREET,

PORTLAND-PLACE.

1803.

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LETTER I.

Miss Lousia Lenox to Mrs. Mordant.

LENOX ABBEY.

THERE was something so solemn and inexplicable in your manner, at our last parting, my dear and honoured friend, that the impression it has made on my mind is indelible. Your behaviour was so interesting and unusual—your tone of expression on taking leave so impressive, that I implied such anxious concern, to rest on a too well founded doubt, of my future welfare;—explain the awful mystery, I entreat you, my

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dearest madam, and give my disturbed mind the calm of certainty, at least. All dreaded evil is worse than the reality; if you know any thing that threatens my peace, conceal it not from me! I will be patient, and resigned, be it what it may. I feel myself at present in a state of felicity so far above my merits, that I cannot help thinking a change but too probable.—Ah! what am I, that I should be exempted from suffering the common lot of all the children of Adam? I possess not a single merit, in my own estimation, but that of being docile; all the other virtues so highly extolled by my partial friends, are produced by their own kindness. Piety—gratitude—and charity, are involuntary emotions in my breast; the seeds were sown by the kind hand of my amiable benefactress and mother, by adoption, the excellent Mrs. Lenox; cherished by such precepts—strengthened by such an

example

example—sterile indeed must have been the soil that had produced less than mine has done. My accomplishments can be no source of vanity to a thinking mind; I have only learnt what great pains have been taken to teach me; indeed every reflection I make induces me to be humble; snatched from a scene of death and desolation by the hand of benevolence;—little outcast as I was, to be fostered in the bosom of affection, and nursed upon the lap of prosperity. My own insignificant name sunk in the noble one borne by my generous—my affectionate benefactor, whose gentle consort, from the happy moment I first beheld her, has vied with him in kindness to the object of their mutual affection. What can fill my mind, when I reflect upon these circumstances—but wonder—gratitude—and unutterable affection. General Lenox extended his tenderness for his

protege even beyond the grave; for he recommended me in his will, to his beloved Maria, as the child of his adoption, the darling of his heart; and expressed a wish, that I might be made heiress at her death, to all his fortune and estates which were not entailed; at the same time wisely leaving this uncommon mark of his regard, to the option of his amiable survivor, to confirm or annul. But I am repeating to you, my dear Mrs. Mordant, what you must be so well acquainted with, for the tender friendship that has existed for so many years between you and dear Mrs. Lenox, precludes all doubt of your perfect knowledge of every circumstance relating to the happy object of her constant care. You have often been witness to the indulgence with which I am treated, the stile of elegance in which I live, and the respect which is exacted for me from every

one,

one, by my indulgent mother, not less than if I were really her daughter. You know too, dear madam, the honourable alliance that is designed for me, with one of the most amiable of his sex; in short, you must allow (with all your partiality) that I am far happier than I can possibly deserve to be; and therefore cannot be surprised at, though you may lament, a change; but again I entreat you to reveal to me the very worst you know, or fear for me; as I told you before, I will be patient, provided, indeed, that it is not the loss of your esteem; to that decree I could not bow without a murmur, for I am with an affection and respect not to be expressed by words,

Dear madam, Your obliged and grateful,

L. L.

LETTER II.

Mrs. Mordant to Miss Lenox.

I ALWAYS thought, till I knew you, my sweet girl, that perfect friendship was incompatible with disparity of years.—You have convinced me of my error. I love you with the tender affection of a mother, and yet feel for you, all the respect and esteem, of an admiring friend; for let your humility suggest what it will, it is impossible to know you as I do, without wondering how you have attained such perfection, at such tender years. What I say is only common justice; you

you know, I am as incapable of bestowing, as you of approving flattery; nor is it the least amiable part of your character, that young, beautiful, and accomplished, you are as yet unseduced by the irresistible influence of *vanity*; that common enemy to our sex; who with her handmaid *affectation*, can destroy the effect of the finest features in the world, and render the most splendid attainments objects of derision and disgust.

Persevere then, my dear Louisa, in the narrow path, and continue to be the delight and glory of your friends! I have plainly proved by what I have said, that I think you worthy of my unlimited confidence. I will not therefore conceal from my dear girl, the cause of that anxiety, which

which has affected my mind on her account, and which her penetrating eye discovered amidst the tenderness of our last parting. But before I enter on that subject, I must assure you, that I am far from being so well informed respecting the circumstances of your birth, as you seem to imagine. Both the General and Mrs. Lenox were always so reserved on that subject, that I forbore to ask any questions, lest the answers might be productive of pain to friends I loved so well. The mystery concerning your origin gave rise to a conjecture, that you were a natural daughter of the General's, and I must own, that I myself believed so, till within these very few years.

One day, being in a mixed company at Lenox Abbey, the supposition was hinted at by a thoughtless lady in the party. Mrs.

Lenox

Lenox turned it off with a smile, and when every body but myself had retired, she lamented that a good action might so easily be misinterpreted by the thoughtless, the curious, or the malicious; because, added she, General Lenox adopted an unfortunate child, and treated her with the affection natural to his benevolent disposition, she is considered as his spurious offspring, and he is censured for an imprudent, instead of being admired for a beneficient action. But he thought too nobly to distress himself about the opinion of the idle and the vain; and he preferred bearing the stigma of an illegitimate child, to the cruelty of exposing the lovely object of his care to the contempt with which little minds ever regard people of mean birth, or obscure origin. I concur with his opinion, and here strictly observe his injunctions, by concealing my Louisa's story from every cu-

rious enquirer; nor is any body (my sister-in-law, Mrs. Dudly, excepted) in possession of the real fact.

Here the conversation ended, for as Mrs. Lenox made no effort to except *me* from the general rule, I did not attempt to alter her resolution; thus once more delicacy triumphed over curiosity, and my ignorance remained. But I forgot that by this long digression I am delaying to satisfy my Louisa's request; to return then to the first subject,—my anxiety arose from a conversation that passed in my presence between Mrs. Lenox and Mrs. Dudly about making the former's will. Mrs. L. observed slightly, that she had desired her solicitor Mr. Dobson to call upon her in a day or two, in order to make her will; the one I had by me for years, added she, did not please me, and

and I destroyed it. I shall make Louisa richer in my new one, for as I am now convinced, that the affection between her and Augustus is not of a *slight*, or changeable nature, I need not make *him* a separate legatee. Louisa shall be what General Lenox intended she should, sole heiress to all the unentailed estates, and I have now the pleasure of doing this without injustice to my nephew. The reasons you give for such a *strange* proceeding, sister, said Mrs. Dudly, colouring as she spoke, are very weak indeed. I can see no occasion for a will at all, for my part; for as my son is your heir at law, and as he is to marry Louisa, will she not have as much of your fortune, as if it was left wholly to herself? it is only making work for lawyers, to no purpose whatever. I am sure Augustus is such a romantic lover, that he will only love Louisa more for having

no fortune. I do not entertain the least doubt of the affection of Augustus for Louisa, for who that knows her can forbear to love her! and for that very reason I am sure he will not be jealous of the preference I give her. But however, added she, there is no hurry, we will think more upon the subject before any thing is done. Very true, said Mrs. Dudly, eagerly catching at her sister's words, there *can* be no hurry; and I am sure if you consult Louisa upon the subject, she is too generous to wish any thing of the sort to be done; she is a sweet noble minded girl. Yes, replied Mrs. Lenox, she is *indeed*, and ought to be *nobly* treated.

Here the conversation ended, much to my discontent, for I was astonished at Mrs. Lenox's indifference upon an affair of such importance, and extremely alarmed at Mrs. Dudly's

Dudly's earnestness to persuade her sister to act so ungenerously by a person, who has such a just claim to her kindness. Pardon my frankness, my dear Louisa, but Mrs. Dudly is no favourite of mine. It is impossible there can be a greater contrast than between the late General Lenox and his sister; he was mild, generous, noble minded, and the very soul of benevolence; she is haughty, avaricious, and cunning, and though she has always loaded you with caresses, I never could believe her sincere towards you, nor do I think she would sanction the union between you and her son, did not her fears suggest, that there is no other means of insuring to him the whole of his aunt's fortune; perhaps my dear girl will think these doubts and suspicions do more honour to my head, than my heart; but lo! my sweet friend, a long intercourse with the world makes different

ferent creatures of us all. The noble unsuspecting candour of youth, that judges of all mankind by the fair sample in its own bosom, is the companion of that delightful eye only, and fades with the blushing roses that adorn the cheeks, whilst distrust, the pale eyed daughter of experience and disappointments, painfully supplies her place! Beware then, my child, of the snares which cunning is spreading for you, nor suffer the artful Mrs. Dudly to rob you of the independence so much the duty of Mrs. Lenox to bestow; do not, from a romantic idea of generosity, refuse her offered bounty, if you are consulted upon this important subject; be upon your guard, dash not the cup of felicity from your lip. With the strongest, life is uncertain, Mrs. Lenox's health has been delicate for many years. Should heaven call her away before you are united

to

to Mr. Dudly, I tremble at the thought, for I must again repeat, I am not at all pleased with his mother; you are deceived in her; this needless delay of your nuptials, when every thing was fixed, and Augustus's being sent to Ireland, the necessity of which I cannot believe, displeases me. Educated, as you have been, and from your infancy taught to expect a child's portion from those who chose to call themselves your parents, it will be the highest injustice to leave you to the generosity of the man you are to marry; there is, in my opinion, something as indelicate as it is imprudent in it, and I cannot persuade myself, that my amiable friend will be guilty of so flagrant a breach of duty. My fears for one of the most faultless creatures, I know has led me astray, but I yet flatter myself Mrs. Lenox will clear herself from all imputation of blame, by fulfilling the lauda-

ble

ble design she had in view, of making you her heiress;—Oh heavens—let me conjure you in as much as you regard your future welfare, beware of Mrs. Dudly. Farewell, my dearest child; if you find any faults in this letter, impute them all to the boundless affection with which,

I am, yours,

E. MORDANT.

LETTER III.

Louisa to Mrs. Mordant.

YOUR letter has alarmed me, my dearest madam, beyond my power of expression; not for the threatened loss of fortune, you seem to dread so much—ah—what is that, compared with the heart-rending idea of losing my kind indulgent friend; my more than mother!—I am sure you have serious fears for her life.—Alas!—I have often terrified myself, by reflecting on the delicacy of her constitution, but have chased away the gloomy idea, with the flattering hope, that my too anxious tenderness had alarmed me without a cause; but now you have made the same observation, and even mentioned the probability of —— but I cannot write

the

the fatal word; my sinking heart entirely fails me, and every time I have seen her since, I have fancied she looked paler. Two days have elapsed, since I received your letter, but I have not dared till now to trust myself to answer it. My swoln eyes attracted the attention of my indulgent mother, though I kept myself as retired as I could all the morning, and only appeared when summoned to dinner. The day I received your kindly cruel epistle, luckily for me Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher dined with us. What have you been doing, Louisa, said Mrs. Lenox, is any thing the matter with you? Oh no, madam, said I, attempting to smile, I have been reading a melancholy tale, that has affected me too much. Fye, fye, rejoined the dear lady, I will not suffer fictitious woes to rob me of those smiles which charm me so much; the real evils of life are

but

but too many, and though I am no enemy to sensibility, I am not for having it encouraged to an excess. I shall lock up the library, continued she, smiling, if this is the case any more. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. F. was a relief to me, and I rallied my spirits sufficiently to behave with tolerable chearfulness; as soon as I could command a moment to myself, I retired to my closet, and throwing myself on my knees, implored that support, which is never asked in vain, of our heavenly father. I regained my usual composure before I joined the tea-table, and thus saved my dear Mrs. Lenox from witnessing an anguish which would most sensibly have alarmed her; the fear of relapsing, has kept me from attempting to write till now, and even at this moment I find my terror returning so forcibly, that I must break off lest my tears should betray me.

I have

I have been taking a walk, and am better again; and now, my dear madam, let me remonstrate a little with you on your severity to poor Mrs. Dudly; nothing sure can be more unusual than for *you* to judge hardly; you, who are ever finding excuses for the *real* faults of all your acquaintance, magnifying their merits, and concealing their defects; to become all at once so uncharitable as to condemn upon mere suspicion alone, a character I have always respected from habit, and loved from inclination and gratitude; indeed, my dear Mrs. Mordant, your too great curiosity for my welfare, has led you unmeaningly to do an act of injustice, that will pain your good heart, when the uniformity of Mrs. Dudly's conduct towards me in future, proves her friendship sincere, as it is flattering. As to the conversation which passed between Mrs. Lenox and Mrs. Dudly, concerning

cerning me, I cannot see it in the light that you do; deeply, and tenderly, as I feel Mrs. Lenox's partiality, I cannot so far forget myself, and the little sight I bare to her kindness, as to be surprised that her family should wish to restrain it; I am only astonished at the patience with which Mrs. Dudly has seen me treated as the presumptive heiress to a fortune, which her own son had such an undoubted right to expect, not only from birth, but from merit; had she been the envious, avaricious character you seem to believe her to be, would she not have regarded me with an eye of hatred, instead of loading me with carresses, and giving every encouragement to the partiality which the amiable Augustus has ever shown me; has she ever thwarted the proposed alliance when suggested by her sister? oh no! but she has treated me with unvarying kindness;

ness; and I should be unworthy indeed could I think otherwise than I do. Pardon me, my valued friend, this is the first time I believe we ever entertained different opinions of the same person, nor should I now here presume to argue the case so closely, did I not think myself called upon by gratitude, to endeavour to defend the character of so kind a friend, and (if possible that my weak arguments can prevail) re-instate her in your esteem.

On the score of fortune, my dearest madam, I cannot entertain a fear; I dare not encourage a doubt should even the most dreaded of events take place; should I (which heaven avert) lose my beloved Mrs. Lenox, and lose her unprotected by fortune; should Mrs. Dudly be what *you* think her—even then—my dearest madam, it would be

be impious in *me* to doubt, for a single instant, the goodness of that providence, whose parental care preserved my life, amidst a scene of carnage and desolation, whose tender mercy listened to my infant cries, when deprived by death of one parent, and abandoned by the other, I lifted my feeble voice amidst the groans of the wounded and the dying; but as yet, my revered friend, you are unacquainted with the real meanness of my origin. You know not the forlorn creature that excited the pity of my kind benefactor, General Lenox, a pity that soon became the tenderest affection. When you have read the enclosed, you will be better acquainted with the source of my gratitude and humility; you will then think with me, that the favours I have already received, are more than I could have had a right to expect, and far more than I can ever deserve; and that should

they

they cease this instant, though I may lament, I must not complain of my fate. I am not a little surprised to find, that my piteous tale has been made a secret to *you*, so long the intimate friend of both the General and Mrs. Lenox. At the same instant my full heart overflows with gratitude at this exquisitely delicate proof of their tenderness for me; nor ever can that throbbing heart receive the bare impression of one selfish fear, whilst the sweet recollection of such goodness fills it with delight and affection. The short memorial of my first introduction to General Lenox, contained in the enclosed paper, is taken from a journal written in his own dear hand; with the perusal of which Mrs. Lenox once favoured me, and at my earnest request permitted me to copy that part relating to myself. You will see the pains our lamented

friend

friend took to ascertain the real situation of my parents, and the result of his enquiries, by the detached scraps of writing which I extracted from different parts of the journal. The ring, handkerchief, and certificate there mentioned, are in my possession; the good General took as much pains to preserve these only remaining testimonies of my birth, as if he had expected I might one day or other obtain a principality by producing them. Some of the particulars at the end, I had from Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Lenox's woman, who was the nurse that had the care of me, from the time of my being removed to New York, and attended me to England. She is a worthy woman, and has been educated in a style superior to her present situation; but Mrs. Lenox makes her happy, as she does every body else that is near her. I often reflect

with pain, on the mysterious fate of my poor mother, and puzzle myself with conjectures of *what*, or *where* she may now be, or if she still exists; though nothing surely can be less probable, than that she should survive such a scene of danger.—Ah! my dearest friend, when you peruse these memoirs, you will be filled with astonishment, at the wonderful interposition of providence in my behalf. You will no longer hesitate to trace such experienced goodness, but like me, give every doubt—every anxiety on the subject of fortune—to the winds.

My dear Mrs. Lenox has just been into my room. "What writing, my Louisa? Oh! "you scribbling puss, you do not take ex- "ercise enough for your health; I am going "to Northampton Castle this morning, I "think a ride will do you good; will you "accompany

" accompany me?" " Yes, joyfully, my dear " mother," I replied, kissing her hand. " Make haste then, for I shall be ready in ten "minutes;" and so, my dear Madam, I must conclude abruptly. I think the airing will be of use to my spirits. I am always so happy in Lady Caroline Egerton's company, and besides, I flatter myself, my dear Mrs. Lenox will improve her health by it, a consideration of far greater weight than any thing that concerns me alone; but how I talk, can any thing concern me that is unconnected with my best friend!

Adieu, my dearest Madam, the carriage is at the door,

Yours,

L. LENOX.

LETTER IV.

Extract from the Journal of General Lenox.

First Extract, dated August 1780.

*THIS month, my Maria, has been fatal to our peace; the glorious battle on the 16th deprived us of our gallant Sydney, so justly the delight of our fond hearts; the noble youth fell bravely, fighting in defence of his country, at the very moment when victory was preparing to crown our arms! but alas! while the patriot glories in his hero, the father weeps—his darling son—with tears of bitter anguish.

And

* You will observe, my dear Madam, that the whole journal was addressed in the letter style to *my dear Mrs. Lenox*, his beloved Maria.

And oh! my Maria, beloved partner of my heart, what unutterable affliction awaits thee? The thoughts of thy sufferings, by doubling my own, make them insupportable; could I but be present when the dreadful intelligence reaches you, to mix my tears with thine, to sooth into tenderness thy maternal anguish, and support your aching head upon my bosom, our sorrows would be more supportable; but—alas!—that consolation is denied us; and thou, like myself, must meet the dreadful blow, far from the only heart that can truly sympathize in thine affliction. Yet whilst I remember its tenderness, I recollect with pleasure the fortitude of my Maria's steady mind; supported by religion, and good sense, she will bear up against the storms of fate, and her conjugal affection will remind her, that although her blooming Sydney sleeps in death, his father,

her fond and faithful husband, still survives, and looks up to her for all that can make life desirable; the hope of meeting her could alone induce him to struggle with declining health, and sorrow such as this. Oh! my boy—my lost—my gallant Sydney, few fathers ever wept a son like thee; thy lovely form was but a promise which thy lovelier mind did far overpay. Rich in every rare accomplishment that could adorn the scholar, and the gentleman, untainted by vanity or presumption; in thy military character mercy was blended with heroism; for when thou stolest the roses from thy mother's cheeks, thou didst steal her tender feeling, so tremblingly alive to every sentiment of pity and benevolence!—Thy courage, intrepid as it was, was neither headstrong or rash—cool—collected—but yet determined, no selfish fear could for

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an instant stop thy progress; but if the weakness of thine opponent demanded a pause, humanity seized the reins, and the fierce lion assumed the gentleness of the lamb. To lose *such* a son is not a common loss, but it is the will of Heaven, and I kiss the rod with tears of humility!

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It is truly said there are no circumstances too wretched to receive comfort from the consciousness of administering happiness to our fellow creatures; whilst that is in our power we cannot be quite miserable; the grateful delight of snatching a little helpless orphan from distress and penury, has soothed my own anguish, beyond even my conception of probability. It seemed, as I pressed the smiling cherub in my arms, as if peace

had assumed its lovely form to revisit my tortured bosom, and hush my grief to calmness.

The very night of that memorable engagement, (which, whilst it covered my brows with *laurel*, planted the *cypress* for ever in my *heart)* a party of my men, who were searching amongst the slain for the body of an officer that was missing, were startled at hearing the cries of an infant; hastening to the spot from whence the sound issued, they found a child, apparently not many months old, lying by the side of a dead soldier in the Hessian uniform; they raised it from its wretched bed, and one of them, an old veteran, distinguished for that humanity so inseparable from true bravery, used every means his feeling heart could dictate, to appease its terrors, and stop the violence of its crying,

crying, which seemed to have continued so long as to threaten convulsions. Its cloaths were drenched in blood; the cold damps of the night had chilled its tender limbs, and, but for the timely assistance so kindly administered, death had closed its sorrows.

The good fellow succeeded in his benevolent attempt, and soothed the child to sleep; then leaving his companions to pursue their search, he brought his little charge to my tent; having first taken the precaution of searching the body of the soldier near which she lay, in hopes of finding something that might lead to a discovery of the child's parents; in his bosom was found a handkerchief of a finer texture than might have been expected to belong to a common soldier, in the corner of which was curiously wrought, in hair, the names of Frederick

Augustus Weltzden; on his finger was a ring of a particular form, the impression on a cornelian set in gold. These, the only tokens he could procure, the honest fellow preserved with the greatest care, though uncertain whether they had any relation to the poor infant that engaged his compassion. When he entered my tent he approached me in the most respectful manner, and presenting the lovely girl to me, spoke as follows. I hope my noble General will pardon the liberty I have taken, in bringing this poor baby to implore his protection; your honour has this day lost your only child, heaven bless his memory! this little helpless creature seems to have lost *both* her parents; God has pointed her out as a fit object for your honour's compassion. I was extremely affected at this singular address, and making an involuntary motion to take the child from the

the soldier, she held out both her hands to me, and smiled in my face, innocently seconding, by her own entreaties, the intercession that was made for her. The effect was irresistible, I clasped her in my arms, and gave way to my oppressed feelings, in a flood of tears which relieved my heart, surcharged with anguish by my recent loss. The honest Atkinson then related the manner in which he had found the infant, and produced what he had taken from the soldier, near whom she lay, and whom, he said, he conjectured to be her father. I observed to Atkinson, that this was a strange circumstance, for what barbarian could leave a child to perish in a place so desolate; where is the mother, and why do you suppose the soldier near whom you found the child to be her father. I cannot say how it is, to be sure, Sir, said Atkinson, but please your honour, I know nothing

more than what I have told you, and my only reason for thinking the dead Hessian was the child's father is, that a part of her cloaths was entangled in his accoutrements, as if some one had laid her in his arms, and though she had in struggling and crying got off the body, she could not quite disengage herself from it, and so I thought, please your honour, that the mother had brought her, mayhaps, to take farewell of the poor fellow, and so had been frightened away, and left the baby, or something of that sort, I cannot tell what; I can only say (added he, drawing the back of his hand across his eyes, and endeavouring to hide a tear that fell in spite of him) I can only say, that the pitiful situation in which I found the poor orphan, has melted my heart to water, as it were. I can face a thousand enemies, please your honour, but the sufferings of a child makes a woman of

me

me at once. I have had children of my own, and so I hope, please your honour, I may be forgiven for being so very down-hearted. Forgiven! Atkinson, exclaimed I, there is no need of apologizing for feelings that do honour to your heart. God forbid the soldier should differ from the man. Mercy is the darling attribute of God, and when we pity and succour the helpless, we imitate his bright example; the tear of pity that trembles in the eye of the veteran, far exceeds in lustre the most dazzling trophy of victory; the hand bears the sword of justice, but the heart is the throne of mercy. I feel so sensibly the forlorn state of this little friendless girl, she is come in such a moment to solicit my pity, that I find her claim irrisistable; and if heaven prolongs my life a few days, she shall never be again destitute. I then ordered a proper

escort,

escort, with Atkinson at their head, to convey the child to C—— and bid him endeavour to find among the women, the fittest nurse that could be got for my adopted child; and charged him to make what enquiries he could about her parents. God for ever bless your honour, said the honest fellow, when he took the child from me; you have made me as happy as a King, I hope the poor little girl will live to be a comfort to your honour, and make you as happy as you make others! So saying, he left my tent to execute his commission; he succeeded in getting a nurse, but could procure but little information concerning the child; a certificate, written in German, of which the following is a translation, was found sewed in the bosom of the child's stays, by the woman who undressed it, which confirmed Atkinson's supposition of

her

her belonging to the soldier near where she was found.

" This child is the daughter of Frederick Augustus Weltzden, serjeant in Captain Wassener's regiment of Hessian dragoons, and of Louisa his wife. She was born February, 1780; her name Louisa. Witness her mother's hand, August 14, 1780.

LOUISA WELTZDEN."

By repeated enquiries, since my return to Camden, I have been able to collect the following particulars. The unfortunate mother of my foundling, was entreated by her husband to remain behind him at Charlestown, but would not listen to the proposal. She followed him to Camden, and on the day of the desperate engagement of the 16th, nothing could prevail with her to remain with the

the rest of the women. She declared her fixed determination of seeking the field of battle. "I will once more behold him (exclaimed she) even though a disfigured corpse!" She seemed fully impressed with the conviction that her husband would be slain, and in a kind of frantic grief she seized her child in her arms, and set out on her melancholy journey. A cart that was carrying a supply of ammunition to the army, took her up on her way, and she was set down near the scene of action, about seven o'clock in the evening. What became of her afterwards nobody can tell. * * * *

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SECOND EXTRACT.

I have seen Captain Wassener to-day; he was wounded on the 16th, and has not been

been in a condition for conversation till now. He recollects Frederick Weltzden, perfectly; he says he was a volunteer; he describes him as a man of noble appearance, and extremely handsome, obliging, and good-natured, but very reserved in his disposition, having never given the most distant hint of his family and connections, though often questioned on the subject, not only by his comrades, but his officers, whose curiosity was raised by the air of superiority, and native dignity that always distinguished him. His having received a good education was very apparent, though he did all he could to hide it; and when closely urged, he would say, "that he could not but think it an illiberal way of judging, to suppose, that because a man possessed uncommon abilities and a pleasing person, he must have been born in a superior rank of life, as if heaven had no

favourites

favourites but amongst the great." His wife Capt. W—. described as a beautiful, delicate woman; but suffering fatigue and hardships, with an unrepining fortitude, that astonished the hardiest female in the camp. She was as reserved as her husband, and no possible conjecture could be formed of who, or what they were. * * * * *

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THIRD EXTRACT.

My little Louisa grows as beautiful as an angel; she is the only solace of my afflicted heart; how I long to present her to my Maria. I should be extremely hurt now, if any discovery could be made concerning her family, which would deprive me of my darling.

ling. A safe conveyance offers of removing her to New York, and thither I shall send her in a few days. My friend, Major Mountague, has promised to take the same care of her when she arrives, as if she were my own daughter; from hence-forward I shall consider her as such. My health declines daily, and will oblige me, I am afraid, to give up my command; should that be the case, I shall return to England with my precious girl. But if death should intervene, and forbid our meeting, I know my Maria will not forsake the object of her Sydney's care! I settled an annuity of fifty pounds upon Louisa, the day after my return to Camden, when I knew not the excess with which I should love her; but now I hope to make her my child indeed, the heiress of my fortune; and if my Maria does not object to it, she shall in future bear the name of

Lenox.

Lenox. Had Sydney Lenox lived! he would have doated upon such a sister; but that he does not live my tears bear witness!

* * * * * * *

Here ends the extracts from General Lenox's journal.

The dear man's health soon afterwards obliged him to seek the air of his native country, and he sailed from New York, with his fortunate charge, in the spring of 1781. At New York my first nurse died, and Mrs. Parker took the charge of me, from whom I have never been separated, for more than a month at a time since. She is a worthy woman, and deserves the kindness Mrs. Lenox has ever shewn her. She says, that good lady received me with all the tenderness the General could wish, and from the moment of my arrival, I was treated as their own

daughter,

daughter, and called by the name of Lenox. You have been witness, my dear Madam, to such innumerable instances of the affection of both Mrs. Lenox and the General, that no comment on my part can be necessary. You know too, what I suffered five years ago, when Heaven called that best of men from a life of suffering, to immortality and happiness, and reunited him to his lamented Sydney! When you have read thus far, my dear Madam, you will allow that the gay butterfly you so much admire, and who now spreads her variegated wings, and basks in the sunshine of prosperity, was once but a very worm indeed!

I cannot conclude this little narrative, without mentioning the sad fate of my kind, first friend, the brave Atkinson. He fell about a month before the General left the army, in a skirmish

skirmish with some Americans, who were endeavouring to intercept a supply of cattle that was on the road to the garrison at Camden. The small, but gallant party, of which Atkinson was serjeant, was invincible, and defeated twice their own number, and saved the escort; but my kind-hearted friend received a wound in the left side, near the hip, of which he died in a few minutes after the enemy had been repulsed. Mrs. Parker says, she often heard General Lenox lament poor Atkinson's death, with unfeigned regret. He had raised him from the ranks to a serjeant, and intended to have done more for him, had not death deprived him of the pleasure! Indeed, my dear Madam, whenever I think of the kind hearted veteran, my eyes fill with tears; he was my first benefactor, to him I owe the favour of General Lenox, and all that that favour has procured me. Ah! what would

would I not now give to have had an opportunity of expressing the lively gratitude I feel—what delight would his benevolent heart have felt, in seeing the little orphan he pitied, made so happy by his means!

LETTER V.

Lord Ormond to Sir Henry Paget.

YOU ask me, dear Paget, what are the sentiments I have brought with me from abroad. I answer, candidly, towards yourself, and my other dear friends, the same warmth of affection, the same grateful regard that glowed in my heart, and melted the ice of my pretended stoicism into tears of regret at our parting; towards my country, the most decided partiality that ever filled the breast of an Englishman. I have seen the blessings we enjoy in our native land, so contrasted in the misery and desolation spread all over the face of the continent by the demons of anarchy, falsely ycleped the sons of patriotism and liberty, that I have imbibed the

the most settled aversion to all modern systems of revolution. I am for liberty, but let it be liberty restrained by reason, not licentious violence, under that sacred name, committing every injustice which depravity can suggest, every cruelty that malice can devise.—I am for equality, but let it be that of the soul; distinction of rank is an ordinance of heaven, and has ever borne the sacred seal of wisdom, from the earliest ages; nor does the existence of morality in England, act as any check to the progress of genius, or merit, since an obscure origin never prevents the exaltation of any individual, whose bravery, or worth, entitle them to the esteem of their King and country. Thus am I determined to spill the last drop of my blood, should it be required, in defence of our happy constitution, and the wise laws so well calculated to guard it; or to spend

the last shilling of my money, in support of those measures necessary to ensure us the continuance of such their inestimable blessings. I can see you, my dear Harry, knit your brows as you read this declaration. I can see something like a smile of contempt play on your lips, whilst you exclaim, "mighty fine sentiments truly, spoken in the genuine language of aristocracy, if this is all you have acquired by your sojourn in the land of liberty, Ormond, you had better have staid at home, for I perceive you intend to join the standard of the minister, and become another powerful weapon in his hands, against the right of the people." But stay, my dear, hasty friend, and let me explain myself a little farther, before you condemn me quite. I will be no ministerial tool; I will belong to no party, but that whose measures are justified by reason. The minister

minister shall have my support, with all the energy that wealth or power can give, whilst he acts as the guardian of his country; but the instant he forgets that high, that sacred character, and attempts to subvert it's laws, or infringe on the liberties of the subject, to gratify his own ambition or avarice, he will meet my most determined opposition, and I shall then have the honour of sitting on the same side of the house, as my patriotic friend Sir Henry Paget. You find I cry truce in time, and therefore I am persuaded our political disputes are at an end; and I flatter myself, notwithstanding my father is a Duke, you will forbear in future to call me aristocrat, and allow there may be such a thing as independent principles under a coronet. As to myself, I hope you will be convinced when you see me, that I have imbibed nothing of the puppy, during my absence. Indeed, there

is little to be met with in travelling now, to encourage or feed vanity. Scenes of desolation and misery, in a thousand varied shapes, have been the chief objects we have had to contemplate. The excellent heart and fine understanding of my dear Mr. Travers, has drawn honey from every flower as we passed along; nay, I really think, we have not trod upon a weed without reaping some instruction; for he can extract the sweet and leave the poison, with a true bee-like instinct. With none other but himself, I most firmly believe, should I have been able to accomplish my seemingly mad schemes, of traversing the continent in these perilous times; for we certainly have run great risks; but the cool presence of mind that always so eminently distinguished him, has been of the greatest service to us both, during our dangerous tour. Besides, there is candour and truth

written

written in large characters on his forehead, and when he speaks, conviction seems to flow from his lips; he never once failed in our many examinations, to persuade the most incredulous of our interrogators, of the innocence of our intentions; but of this, more when we meet.

I had the mortification, after a five years absence, to find my dear father from home, on my arrival; this was owing to the miscarriage of my last packet of letters: it was a sad disappointment to an affection so ardent as mine; for surely never son loved a father better than I do, nor ever did father deserve more richly the affection of a son! He was gone to the Duke of Northington's, on a visit for three weeks; but I sent an express as soon as I arrived, and I now hourly expect his return: to this pleasing expectation, are

you indebted, my dear Paget, for this long letter, as I cannot persuade myself to quit the house for one instant, fearing my dear father should arrive in my absence. Perkins is just come to tell me, that he saw the Duke's carriage turning the corner of Upper Grosvenor-street. Envy me, Harry, in a few minutes I shall taste the greatest joy my heart is capable of feeling; I shall be pressed to the bosom of the best of fathers.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

I cannot compose myself to sleep, till I have made you a partaker, dear Paget, of the delight that has throbbed in every vein of my heart, ever since I have been with my dear father; why he looks as young as ever; scarce a trace of age, not one of ill-nature, can I discover in that mild, benignant countenance,

tenance, which I love so dearly to look at; he may truly be said to bear the image of his God, for meekness, benevolence, and truth, beam from every feature. What a glorious emulation fills my heart, when I reflect upon his virtues! with what pious exactness will I endeavour to follow his bright example! to tread in his steps! and how richly shall I think my exertions rewarded, if the worthy part of the world will but allow, that my endeavours have not been wholly fruitless; that the Duke of Beaumont need not be ashamed of his son!

My worthy fellow traveller, Mr. Travers, has met with my dear father's warmest approbation, and he has presented him with the living of H——, about two miles from Beaumont Park, worth £700 per annum. The good man's joy and gratitude, may be

easily guessed, for, though of a good family, he had but little to depend upon besides his merit, which does not always recommend clergymen to their patrons; but my dear father never lets his dependants pine under the heavy pressure of uncertainty; he delights in seeing happy faces about him; oh, may he ever enjoy a full portion of the happiness he so generously bestows on them! I can talk of no subject but my father, now I have once named him, and so will conclude by assuring you that

I am, dear Paget,

Your's, most truly,

ORMOND.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Sir Henry Paget to Lord Ormond.

HOW much am I obliged to your father, dear Ormond, for not coming to intercept that fine long phillipic against revolutionary principles and democratic measures; but talk away, young man, talk away; I do not mind you, I perceive you intend to be as perfect as your father; but beware! remember I warn you in time; if you are determined to be such a nonpariel, you may e'en make up your mind to live by yourself, for nobody will keep company with you, that's poz. People only bear with your father's perfections, in consideration of his age; for whatever you may think of his juvenile appearance, the ladies are quite of a different opinion.

They

They say, he has got crows feet at the corners of his eyes, and that they perceive, notwithstanding his powder, that he is very grey, and that the last fit of the gout has made him hobble a little; and therefore it is pardonable in him to be so very good; but do not flatter yourself that you will meet with the same indulgence. A good young man, now adays, would be the most insufferable animal that could intrude itself into the high circles. Why, my dear Ormond, you would be looked upon as a walking satire on the vices and follies of your neighbours, and as soon as they had read you, I can answer for it they would most devoutly wish to throw you into the fire; so if you have not taken a hermitage in Wales, and with a design to reside there constantly, do put off your intended perfection till the rest of the world are a little mended, and more fit to be companions to

your

your divinityship! I love your father dearly, but I think I should love him still better, if he did not look so confoundedly at some of my gay sallies. He clapped me on the shoulder, a little while ago, at the opera, and interrupted a fine discourse upon love, that I was holding with the beautiful Countess of Darnford. When Ormond returns, said he, smiling, I flatter myself, Harry, he will give you a few lessons that will be of use to you. I am afraid your Grace is mistaken, replied I, my ears are so accustomed to reproof, that it has lost its effect. I am sorry for it, said he, and looked so grave, that positively I forgot the prettiest compliment in the world, which I had just composed to say to Lady D. when the Duke came up to us. As soon as he was gone, Lady D. burst out a laughing; I am sure, said she, the Duke has converted you; you are going to turn methodist. Who, I, how

I, how came your Ladysip to think so? replied I. You look so grave, and so foolish, said she, that I vow I think you would make a very good statue for a tomb stone, and then she laughed at me so unmercifully, that I could hardly recover myself time enough to be even with her.

And what do you think is the report of the day? It is said your father intends you should marry Lady Caroline Egerton, the Duke of Northington's rich and beautiful daughter. I wish it may be true, for she is a most amiable girl, and lovely as the morning; you cannot help adoring her, if your heart is disengaged. You do not say a tittle, in your letters, of any *affaires de cœur*; you are worthy of the confidence of the ladies; you should have the figure of silence for your crest, with this motto, "I love secrecy."

crecy." But, dear George, when you write next, do let me know whether there is any truth in this intended alliance, for I am on the tiptoe of expectation. I am afraid I am going to be put in the newspaper very soon, as a Benedict; I made my appearance in the Morning Herald, last week, in the following terms. "We hear, from good authority, that the rich Sir Henry Paget is very shortly to lead to the hymenial altar, the beautiful and accomplished Lady Eliza Dysart, with a fortune of £200,000" Now, you must know, Ormond, this is all too true except the beauty and accomplishments of the lady, for the devil take me if she has either one or the other. You are no doubt surprised that I should think of uniting myself to a woman so little agreeable to my taste; for you know me too well to think that pecuniary advantage could have any weight with me.

But,

But, my dear Ormond, there is an unfortunate secret belonging to me, with which you have been hitherto unacquainted. I must now unfold it to you, and I am sure you will not deny me your pity, when you know it. I have need of all my vivacity to keep me from the vapours. But to my story; you must know, that my good father (who, by the bye, was the very reverse of your's, Ormond,) took it into his wise head to make a match for your poor friend, whilst I was quite an infant, with this sweet charming Lady Eliza, whom the newspapers are so fond of; and her father approving of it, an agreement was drawn up between them, in which it was specified, that poor pilgarlic was to marry the lady, if she pleased to fancy him, or forfeit one hundred thousand pounds to the said lady; but in case of a refusal on her part, twenty thousand pounds was to console pil-

garlic

garlic for his disappointment. Now, had the matter rested here, it would have been very well; for most willingly would I give a hundred thousand pounds to be quit of the bargain; but my kind dad foresaw this, and therefore very civilly left my whole fortune to a distant relation, in case I refused to fulfil the above diabolical agreement; the estate, which is a good eight thousand a year, and two hundred thousand pounds in the funds. Must I relinquish, or wed the lady? The alternative is dreadful, for I really believe I hate her. I always was a giddy brained, unthinking creature, and therefore gave myself no concern about this embarrassing clause in my father's will, till the mischief stared me in the face, and appeared without a remedy; indeed, I flattered my imagination with the hopes, that my dulcinea would refuse my hand, when it was offered, as few ladies like

like the husbands pointed out to them by their parents. I was confirmed in this opinion, when she first appeared in public. I attended the drawing room the day she was presented, and had the honour of handing to her chair, the vainest most affected woman of the whole circle. I was attentive to her, from motives of curiosity; I wished to see whether I was likely to be honoured with her ladyship's approbation, but nothing could I gain for my civility, but the most scornful returns, the most marked inattention, to every thing I did or said. Encouraged by this behaviour, so suited to my wishes, I renewed my assiduities in the evening, at Lady D's. assembly. I pestered her with my attention, and would not suffer any other man to approach her, which I saw was very painful to her, for she is insufferably vain; I praised her beauty, God forgive me, told her she

was

was the best drest woman at the drawing-room; that she had attracted the admiration of every one present, but that I had declared myself her husband elect, and warned every man to beware of the point of my sword. She told me, angrily, I took very unbecoming liberties with her name, she thought; and that as she had a choice in the affair, she would not have me make myself too secure. Oh, how my heart palpitated with joy, when her pretty mouth pronounced these charming words; I continued to worry her all the time she staid, and prevented her from being handed down stairs by the Duke of C. which put an end to her before almost exhausted patience. She told Lady Emily Darnly, the next day, that she was quite disgusted with me; that I was the most annoying creature she ever met with, and she was determined to lose half her fortune, rather

rather than marry me. I was quite happy when I heard this declaration, and resolved to bring the matter to a speedy conclusion; so I became my fair lady's shadow, where-ever she went; teasing and vexing her most unmercifully. I was for ever treading on her robe, tearing her petticoat, or discomposing her lap dog, (who is almost as disagreeable as herself,) and gallanting with every female I met.

Well, when I thought I had made myself sufficiently *degoutant*, I made a formal declaration of love, and an offer of my fair paw, to her ladyship. When, oh, wonderful! oh, unexpected misfortune! I was accepted. Never was a poor animal so thunder struck, as your friend Harry, when his hitherto disdainful mistress so suddenly relented, and cursed him with her consent. I saw I had spread the foils, and was taken in them myself;

self; it was in vain, therefore, to struggle; but I looked silly, I am sure, for she contrived to screw her unmeaning countenance into a look of contempt, and said, with a sneer, I have been kinder than you expected, I believe, Sir Harry; but be not disheartened my indulgence is not feigned, I am sincere in my acceptance of your offered hand, and I hope we shall be very happy. I muttered something in return, about being overcome by her goodness, and took my leave as soon as I possibly could. I have tried ever since, by the most slighting behaviour, to sicken her of her choice; but she is determined to take no notice of the change, but treats me with the easy familiarity of a sister. I have put off our nuptials by one frivolous excuse or another, these three months, but I suppose a few weeks will wind up my tragedy, and I must take a dagger, or a wife, to my bosom. I believe the former would give

the

the least pain. I have written you a volume, instead of a letter; but I must add a few lines more, just to describe Lady Eliza to you, for I suppose you are curious to know her. She is just eighteen, a little insignificant figure, with a pretty hand and foot, (both which she is for ever displaying) a face with the most unmeaning set of features I ever beheld; there is no expression whatever in her countenance; I would rather see it full of mischief, than no trait whatever. I never saw any thing like animation in it, except at the fatal moment when she had caught me in my own trap, and then the insipid thing did make an effort, and produced a smile of contempt.

So much am I averse to an union with her ladyship, that I really believe the loss of all my fortune will not prevent me from giving

ing up the honour of her hand, and throwing myself on the mercy of the army, for a maintenance. Write to me, dear Ormond, quickly, and tell me what you would do, if you were in my situation; I know you will smile, and think you never could be in such a dilemma; no, no, you have too much cautious wisdom, too much *sang froid*, ever to get into a scrape of this kind. But remember, you have a perfect example in your father—a faultless mentor in Mr. Travers; so do not be puffed up with your pre-eminence in virtue; if you are not wise, it must be your own fault. Now, poor I, had a miser for my father, and a libertine for my tutor; so if a few follies fall to my share, you must not lay all the blame on the broad back of

Dear Ormond, your faithful friend,

HENRY PAGET.

New-market.

P. S.

P. S. I forgot to say that I am unavoidably detained here a week longer; the famous match between Lord Beverly's Miss Sprightly, and Bob Oldham's Whitefoot, is to be on Thursday, on which I have bets depending.

LETTER VII.

Miss Lenox to Mrs. Mordant.

WE spent a most charming day at Northington Castle, last Monday, my dear friend; and what was more agreeable to me than any thing else, every body there thought my beloved mother looked better than they had seen her for some time; in short, they said so much, that they brought me quite to their opinion, which has made me happy ever since. Whom do you think we met there? your old lover, the Duke of Beaumont; I never saw him before; what an elegant man he is. How was it possible you could prefer poverty with Mr. Mordant, to splendor, riches, and a title, withsuch a man; but I forget myself; I am sure I should not hesitate

making

making the same choice, if Augustus was placed in the scale against the greatest Duke in Christendom. We talked about you, and you cannot think how his Grace's eyes sparkled. Oh, it might be a match now, if you pleased I am sure. An express came to the Duke of Beaumont, whilst we were there, from his son, who is just arrived from the continent. I never heard such praises of any mortal in my life; if Lord Ormond is any thing like what fame describes him to be, he must be the very essence of every thing that is charming. The Duke was to set out next morning for town, to meet this phœnix, and he is to accompany his father back in a few days. A vast deal of company is expected shortly.

Lady Caroline, who is the Dutchess's idol, will be of age in a fortnight, and the most brilliant

brilliant fetes are preparing; you may be sure, my dear friend, that Mrs. Lenox, and her happy Louisa are invited to be of the gay party, and as my dear mother does not like being out at night, we are to sleep at Northington Castle. This delights both Lady Caroline and myself, for we always think the carriage is announced too soon, when we meet only for a day. I shall worry you to death with descriptions, when I am there; so muster all your force—let patience lead the van, and kind indulgence bring up the rear, for you well know, that when I am in good spirits, I play with my pen as a kitten does with a cork; and it is well I know that I am addressing a heart so inexhaustible in goodness as your's, before I begin my anticks. I had a letter to day from Augustus Dudly. It came in a packet to Mrs. Dudly, and she very condescendingly brought it herself;

indeed she generally does; and she kissed me so kindly, called me her sweet girl, at the same time assuring me she was quite impatient to see Augustus, which was only expressing my own feelings. Indeed, my dear Mrs. Mordant, your too exquisite tenderness for me has led you to do what I am sure you never did before, injustice to an amiable heart. I am sure she is a good woman, and as warmly attached to me, as her son is. I never was angry with her but once, and that was for letting Augustus go to Ireland, at so perilous a period; but it was absolutely necessary to his future welfare, she said, "and that cannot be separated from your's, my love," added she, with a smile. When you read this, I think you will acquit the good lady, my dear friend, and that will give real joy to,

Your grateful and affectionate,

L. L.

LETTER VIII.

Augustus Dudly to Louisa Lenox.

DUDLY CASTLE, IRELAND.

WHAT an unconscionable girl you are, my lovely Louisa, to send me such a string of questions, and expect me to answer them all, "by the return of post." Why, my sweet friend, to do justice to the subjects you wish me to investigate, I must reside here for three or four years at least; and were you so hard-hearted a damsel as to issue that command, faithful knight errant as I am, I could not obey. It seems already an age since I saw you, though to reckon by the calendar of felicity, but three little months have elapsed since that lovely hand of thine was pressed to my lips; since my ardent eye caught with a

mixture of agony and delight, the lucid tear that trembled in your's. I am convinced pain and pleasure are not incompatible; I felt the extreme of both, when I parted from the adored of my soul. I beheld that beauteous face, drooping and palled with anxiety now, and thy cold trembling hand, which I held fast locked in mine; thine eyes where glittered with the tear of affection, and turned towards me with unutterable tenderness—all doubt then vanished; I saw—I felt I was beloved by the most amiable of her sex; extatick moment— never to be erased from the tablet of memory but with existence! Till then I had feared, in spite of my best endeavours, that the condescension with which you received my addresses, was more the result of a wish to please the amiable Mrs. Lenox, than a predilection in my favour. The mist that clouded my happiness was dispersed, and the bright

sun

sun of joy would have shone unclouded, but for the cruel certainty that I was about to quit all that my heart held dear; to bid her farewell, just at the moment, when I adored her more than ever—when I felt that to live without seeing her, would scarcely deserve the name of life. Define my sensations at that instant, ye learned casuists! ye cold hearted philosophers who attempt to reduce feeling to a system! with me, language fails; what I then felt could only be expressed by the burning tear that forced its way through my closing eyelids, when I endeavoured to shut out every other object, after having taken a last look of my Louisa.

Thus irresistably have I been drawn to paint my heart, instead of the information you requested; but pardon me, sweet girl, pardon the involuntary impulse.

Whenever your lovely image floats in my fancy—and when does it not?—I can think of nothing, talk of nothing, but the passion it inspires. I will now, however, do my best to obey your commands, and commence with your first question, " what sort of place Dudly Castle is." The situation of Dudly Castle, and the surrounding country, is the most romantic that can possibly be imagined, and beautiful beyond description. It possesses, by nature, every advantage that woods and water can give it, and it unites, in a wonderful manner, fertile vales covered with luxuriance and plenty, and lofty mountains, whose frowning brows seem to promise nothing but aridity. The Castle itself is built upon the summit of an immense rock, which lifts its stern head, with haughty grandeur, above the river Blackwater, whose winding course just forms a crescent

crescent at its base, which circumstance is another advantage to the situation of the house; for, in the prospect from the front windows, two noble rivers appear flowing on each side the lawn; a fine forest of oak adorns its shelving banks on one side, and covers the mountain which bounds the view to the right; on the left, the mountains are more distant, and the lonely stream winds gently amidst "flowing lawns and dewy meads;" the river is deep enough to admit vessels of an hundred ton burthen, which often, with their gay ensigns streaming to the wind, lend new beauty to the scenes of enchantment around them. In the domain no improvement that art can make on nature has been neglected. The park is thronged with herds of speckled deer, many of which are so tame, as to come and feed from the hand. This place has been the seat of nobility time

immemorial. A large portion of the old castle is still standing, part in ruins, part in good repair; its solid walls, which have so long bid defiance to time and war, smiled with contempt at the feeble efforts of the workmen to destroy them, when they were employed to level the ancient edifice to erect the new one; the architect finding it impossible to destroy the old building, very wisely used it as a support for the new, which it kindly shelters from the fury of the northern blast. Nor are its gothic towers without their share of loveliness; the striking contrast their dark sides form to the fine modern mansion of the purest freestone, is infinitely charming to the eye, and gives a romantic appearance to the scene, which might lead you to imagine the whole effected by the magic hand of enchantment. The view down the cliff, into the river, from the higher windows of the castle,

is

is str'king'y awful, and reminds me of the immortal Shakespear's description of Dover Cliff, in King Lear, of which I think our cliff is a miniature picture. I am afraid, my lovely Louisa will be able to form but a very faint idea of the beauties I am attempting to describe, from what I have said; for when I lift my eyes from the paper, and contemplate the scenery displayed before my windows, I feel how very feeble are my powers to do justice to its beauties; I have tried my pencil with rather better success, and when I return, I shall have the pleasure of presenting to you, four landscapes of Dudly Castle, taken from the most pleasing points of view my taste could direct me to make choice of; and I hope to see them honoured with a place in my love's dressing-room, among those *chef d'œuvres* drawn by the fair hand I doat upon.

And now, my sweet girl, for your second question, " what sort of people are the inhabitants of Dudly Castle." I will begin with my good cousin, Sir Francis Dudly, who is a true-born Irishman, in every sense of the word; good natured, generous, and hospitable, to the greatest degree; but equally hotheaded, irritable, and vindictive; loves hunting and drinking to excess; his mornings are chiefly spent in the fields, or at the billiard table; his evenings invariably pass at the shrine of the rosy god; who too often usurps the reign of Morpheus, and keeps his votaries till Diana calls to the chace. The ladies he sees but little of, except at dinner, when my lady generally continues to quarrel with him about his profligate way of life, to the no small discomfort of her husband and her guests; though, to do Sir Francis justice, he takes all she says with the most

perfect

perfect good humour, for though, as I before observed, he is hotheaded, it is with gentlemen only; to the fair sex he pays the profoundest deference, and for this reason, his lady and her two daughters do just as they please, without shewing the least shadow of respect to the kind source of the indulgence they enjoy; but in this severe reflection I should spare Eliza, the youngest daughter, who is really of an affectionate disposition, and tenderly loves her father, for which she is often laughed at by her mother and sister; but of her more anon. Lady Dudly certainly claims precedence; and if I don't give it her, I must take care of my ears, for she is a very Juno in asserting her rights and privileges. Lady Dudly was heiress to an immense fortune, and is of one of the highest families in Ireland; being, as she tells every body, (and poor me among the rest) lineally descended

from Cormac, King of Ireland; and then she goes through a pedigree of pompous ancestry, long enough to tire the Herald's Office itself. Woe unto the unfortunate wight who happens to sit next her Ladyship, when antiquity of family is mentioned; not an inch can he stir, till he has heard her whole genealogy, from the mighty Cormac himself, down to Lord Callaghan Oflannaghan, her dear, departed grand-father, and the last of her family who could boast a title. The large fortune she possessed came through an unfortunate alliance her father made with a banker's daughter, and sole heiress, which disgraced his family so much that they never would forgive him, and he died broken hearted, leaving only Lady Dudly, (her mother dying in child-bed,) then Miss Oflannaghan, to inherit this ill gotten gold; however, as her relations did not think that the gold itself had any contaminating

qualities,

qualities, they condescended to let it remain in their family, taking care to instil into the mind of the young sprig of royalty, the most profound contempt for the plebeian relations of her mother, whose acquaintance she was not suffered to cultivate. As Miss Oflannaghan had beauty, as well as a great fortune, she had abundance of suitors, but as Sir Francis Dudly could boast the most ancient family, the honour of her fair hand was bestowed upon him ; his estate being large and unincumbered, the addition of his bride's fortune has enabled him to live in the highest style of magnificence and splendor, both here and in Dublin ; the daughters, as co-heiresses of all his great riches, have been educated with the highest notions of their own consequence ; the eldest, who is remarkably handsome, is the very epitome of her mother, but the youngest has a tincture

of

of the plebeian in her, which has baffled all her mother's attempts to eradicate. Her deportment is affable, her temper gentle and affectionate, and though less beautiful than her haughty sister, she is far more pleasing from the sweetness of her countenance, which continually beams benevolence on all around her; but she is the most stupid of all creatures, about the pride of ancestry; nor has Lady Dudly ever been able to teach her her pedigree, though the lesson has been daily repeated. She has another unpardonable fault; she is continually forming friendships with young ladies who, though they move in the same sphere with herself, are greatly her inferiors in point of descent; this is what her mother calls corrupt taste, and her sister Leonora is recommended to her as a model. "It is of no use," said she to me, the other day, after a lecture on this head from her

mother,

mother " it is perfectly useless to command me to be like my sister, since nature has formed us so different; Leonora derives all her pleasure from herself, whilst I never could enjoy any thing, but by participation; give me society, and let it be that of the refined in sentiment, the benevolent in heart; let them boast unshaken integrity, unblemished honour, I will not even think who their immediate parents were!" You must know, added she, " that I have committed an unpardonable offence, by forming a strict friendship with a Miss Foster, the daughter of my father's agent, and the most amiable of human beings; my mother is obliged to invite the dear girl to our house some times, but she takes her revenge for the imaginary honour she confers, by continually reminding her of her inferiority in rank; in accomplishments, Isabella bears away the palm from all of us;

the

the warm friendship the dear girl has for me, induces her to bear her ill-treatment with unexampled patience, such as sometimes disarms even my haughty sister herself; for it is not the meanness of servility, but meekness tempered with spirit. She is now in England on a visit to her uncle, but we correspond regularly every post."

But where am I running to, my sweet Louisa? I shall swell this letter to the size of a folio; however, I know you love kit-cats, and I think I have now made you pretty well acquainted with this place, and its inhabitants; its guests, and neighbours must furnish materials for another packet. The question you ask concerning the manners and dispositions of the Irish in general, I shall reply to in future, when my own observation, and the information I gather from

Mr.

Mr. Foster, a most worthy and intelligent man, have enabled me to do it with precision and correctness.

As to the interrogatory, in which my heart is most deeply interested, namely, when I shall be at liberty to return to dear England, to that, I reply with a sigh, "alas, I do not know." The lawsuit which obliged me to come hither, cannot be decided for several months, unless it is amicably adjusted, which my solicitor gives me some hopes may be the case; and if it should, my adored Louisa, my affianced bride, soon, very soon, will behold her faithful Augustus at her feet, imploring her no longer to delay his promised happiness, but to bestow upon him the dearest, the most envied of titles. Ah, Louisa, I dare not trust myself with this transporting idea, while "the loud ocean roareth

roareth between us," and I am still subject to the cruel delays of the law. I hope, however, when that demon of tediousness has released me from his grasp, that propitious winds, such as wafted me hither, will again bear me to the charmer of my soul. May guardian angels watch around her till the happy moment that restores her, to her

Faithful and affectionate,

A. D.

A postscript to be sure.—If you look at the first letter I wrote to you on my arrival here, my lovely girl, you will find a request with which you have not yet complied. It was to entreat my mother to send me the miniature of the most amiable of her sex, which the painter so cruelly delayed sending home, till after my departure. I have reminded my mother of it, in every letter I have

have written to her from Ireland; if you request it my lovely friend, I am sure she will instantly comply; and ah, if your gentle bosom feels any portion of the anguish which wrings the heart of your Augustus, during this cruel separation, surely you will not deny him the only consolation he can feel.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Lord Ormond to Sir Henry Paget.

GROSVENOR-SQUARE.

DEAR PAGET,

MY father was with me when your letter was given me just now, and as I found the subject of the most interesting part of it was already public, I made no scruple of shewing it to him, and asking his advice on your present critical, and disagreeable situation. He read it with the most profound attention, his countenance all the time, by its various changes, giving an expressive picture of the impression it made upon his mind. Sometimes a smile could not be repressed, at the thoughtless

thoughtless sallies with which the painful narrative is interspersed. I am truly concerned, said he, when he returned me the letter, that your lively friend is so unpleasantly circumstanced, it is almost impossible to give him any clue, by which he may be enabled to find his way out of the labyrinth into which his own folly has led him; it is a pity that he, in whose character candor has ever been the leading feature, should be so severely punished for his first deviation from the rectitude of truth. But such is ever the fate of artifice; like the mole, it works beneath the ground, and blunders into light, just time enough to be caught in the trap, its narrow cunning alone, had prevented its perceiving, was laid to ensnare it. I know what the generality of the world would advise him to do; it would be to marry the lady, and if he has engaged her affections by

his

his pretended display of adoration, he is, in my opinion, bound to do so, by every law, both human and divine. But I know Lady Eliza too well to believe this possible; she is too vain to be capable of feeling the generous passion of love; and from that vanity arises your friend's present distress; her pride will not suffer a slave to escape from the bondage in which she thinks she ought to hold all mankind; and insipid as he seems to suppose her, I am persuaded she had penetration enough to see to the bottom of his shallow design; let the failure of his first scheme give him a surfeit of plotting in future. I am sure his heart is too good for him to excel in that science. I hope he will believe this truth, when he reflects, that he has been outwitted in his first plot, by a woman whose understanding he held in the utmost contempt. I am aware that mutual affection

affection is not thought at all necessary in a modern treaty of marriage. I well know that people of fashion now, too often make the most sacred engagements at the altar, with those who are wholly indifferent or too frequently disagreeable to them; secure, that if the hymenial chain sits too heavy upon them, the kind civilians in Doctors Commons will file it asunder, and set them free; but this is not my way of thinking; I consider marriage as the most sacred institution of Heaven, and the vows pronounced at the altar irrevocable in the sight of God; nor can any earthly dispensation, in my opinion, release us from the performance of them. If a man takes a false oath in a court of justice, he is branded with infamy, and obliged to stand in the pillory, a mark for the derision and resentment of an exasperated populace; but how many perjuries

juries are daily committed with impunity in the Holy Temple of God; how many mercenary men, and giddy women, exchange vows of mutual fidelity, without the most distant intention of performing them, since interest on one side, and vanity on the other, were the sole motives that united them! But let them remember, and tremble, that a day will come, when their guilt shall appear in its true colours; when they may call in vain upon the mountains to cover them from the avenging fury of a justly incensed God, whose temples they have profaned, whose holy laws they have trodden under foot. Little then will it avail them, that their rank, their riches, and the distinctions they are now so proud of, set them above the rest of mankind; this consideration will only serve to add force to their condemnation; since, of those to whom much is given, much shall be required.

required. Thinking then, as I do, of the solemnity of conjugal engagements, what can I recommend to your friend, my dear Ormond, but to prefer his integrity to every earthly consideration; to let every interested view give place to the care of his eternal welfare. I allow it is a hard trial, to relinquish such a fortune as his; and I sincerely reprobate the cruelty of his father, in making such a will; but I have such a high opinion of Henry, notwithstanding all his levity, that I am sure he will not hesitate between virtue and vice; between integrity and dishonour, when once the right way is pointed out to him; and give me leave to add one thing, in which I am sure you will second me, Ormond; had Heaven blessed me with another son, I possess fortune sufficient to have provided amply for him, without injuring you; do you think your friend, Harry, loves me

well enough to become my son by adoption? what say you George? he need not then have recourse to the army; the youngest son of the Duke of Beaumont may surely live without any profession. I could make no answer to a proposal, that at once overcame me with gratitude andjoy, but by embracing the best of men; and you, Paget, surely you cannot refuse to become the brother of your chosen friend, and companion, from the smiling days of infancy.

I have written down what my dear father said, verbatim. I say nothing of what I think myself, for when did I ever feel a difference of opinion, when once I had been so happy as to know his? I hasten to dispatch this letter, as I shall most anxiously await your answer. So large a portion of your future peace is at stake, that I am filled

with

with uneasiness; can I be happy, if you are otherwise? what a pity you should be so engaged in horse racing just now. I fear I shall lose the pleasure of seeing you before I leave town, for I have promised to accompany my father to Northington Castle, on Thursday next, the very day of your great match; but I am not going to pay my court to the beautiful Lady Caroline Egerton; that is impossible: my heart is already engaged, nor is it in the power of time, or accident, to efface the sweet impression; but I cannot enter into a history of my "*affaires de cœur*," as you call them, at present; the post waits, and I am impatient that you should have this letter; however, rest assured I will satisfy your friendly curiosity very soon; in the mean time I must tell you, that less wisdom has fallen to my lot, than might be expected from the bright ex-

ample you mention. Adieu, pray let me have a speedy, and a favourable answer, for had you been born my brother, I could not have felt a greater warmth of affection, than that with which I am

Your, faithfully attached,

ORMOND.

LETTER

LETTER X.

Lady Elizabeth Dysart to Miss Georgina Pomerry.

HOW I lament your absence, dear Georgina, from the region of fashion and gaiety, and at the most charming season of the year. We are extremely gay. The most delightful balls, the sweetest routs; so crowded, there is hardly such a thing as squeezing ones self into the circle. Oh, how I enjoy a crowd; and well I may, for I am an idol, wherever I go; and yet that is very fatiguing sometimes; the flattery turns my senses; positively, I begin to think it a misfortune to be a beauty; but you know, my dear Georgina, we dont make ourselves,

and so we must submit to be as Heaven made us. Le Bas is my hair-dresser now, he has such taste you cannot think, he is reckoned to put in diamonds remarkably well; and then, his wife is a milliner, and makes fancy dresses; and one has such comfortable lounges at her house of a morning, one sees every body there. Oh dear, I forgot to tell you an adventure that happened to me a little while ago. Very extraordinary indeed. I was at Lady Hopington's route, Lady Caroline Egerton was there, whom you know I cannot endure, she is reckoned handsome; I cannot think how people can be so blind; she is admired for her complexion, but I know she paints; and then, she is so awkward, quite a may-pole; and then, people cry, what a fine figure! I have no patience with their bad taste; but oh dear, I forgot what I am saying. Now, I know, I

was

was going to tell you my adventure. Well, you must know, Lady Caroline was there before I was, and when I went into the room, the Prince was talking to her; however, the moment I appeared, he left her, and walked up to me; but unluckily, Lord Beverly was just whispering to me, so the Prince only bowed, looking so piqued, you cannot imagine; now, was not that odd? Lord Beverly said, when he had passed by, "I see how things go, the Prince is not proof against the emanations of those brilliant eyes; take care, Lady Eliza, royalty has charms." Oh fye, you wicked creature, said I, how can you talk so. Nay, my Lady, more people than I think so. Did not you see his Royal Highness was quite piqued, just now? jealous of the happiness I was enjoying, I suppose; but I would dispute that felicity with the King himself. The next morning I went to Le Bas, about a new dress she was making;

so elegant, quite my own invention; and who should come in, while I was there, but the Prince; now I am sure it was all design; he came with the Duchess of Guildford, and pretended to be very busy, looking at one dress, and then at another, which was making for her daughters; but this was only to carry it off without suspicion—for I am sure he came merely to see me. I dare say Le Bas had told him I should be at her house that morning;—she is very guilty of such things sometimes. His Highness saw me engaged in conversation with Le Bas, about some alterations I wanted made;—he turned to me with such a smile—"Why "all this solicitude about dress, my fair "Lady? remember, loveliness needs not "the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when "unadorned, adorned the most."—So you see, he thinks me so beautiful, I need no ornament.

ornament.—Well, I cannot help being handsome—but I am afraid I shall be sadly teazed.—Oh, do you know, Mr. Osborne insists upon it, that I write just like Mrs. Ratcliffe; now, do you think I do, Georgina? I protest I have a great mind to write a novel. I would put such a parcel of ghosts into it. Do you believe in spirits, Georgina? I do. I have never been able to sleep by myself, since I read Mrs. Ratcliffe's works; they are so delightfully shocking. Talking of shocking things, do you know I received a letter last week from poor Melmouth; he is very disconsolate, but how can I help that? can a young Lady like me, think any thing about the love of a poor country clergyman; to be sure, I did encourage his passion at first, but it was only to pass away the time, at that dull place Dysart Hall. Sometimes I think if

he should shoot himself, then his ghost would haunt me, and I should be frightened out of my wits. He has heard of the marriage that is fixed upon between Sir Henry Paget and me, and the poor creature is half mad; but dear me, he need not be jealous, for I am sure I hate Sir Henry abominably; but what signifies whom I marry—it is not the fashion to live happy now—quite gothic indeed. I long to be married, to be quit of all restraint; formerly husbands used to be troublesome creatures, but thanks to our intercourse with the land of gallantry, all those old fashioned notions are done away, and a young woman of rank, as soon as she is married, may gallop round the vortex of fashion, till her head is giddy with the whirl; she may have her pic nics, her assignations, and all the dear freedoms we have imported from France, without

without being scolded by her husband, or thought the worse of by society; and indeed what is the use of riches, if one is not to enjoy one's self. Some people talk of having great pleasure in bestowing charity, but I think it the most annoying thing in nature, to be always surrounded with a pack of beggars; and if they once know you give any thing away, they are for ever teazing you, for which reason I never read any two-penny post letters.—My mother taught me that caution, and that saves a great deal of trouble; but dear me how I write on, and forget I am to go to Lady Pinkington's sale, this morning, and it is now two o'clock—they are quite ruined, and gone into Scotland. What a delightful thing a sale is, particularly when one knows the people, only to be sure such fine sensibility as mine must feel for their misfortunes. I was ready

to faint at one auction a little while ago, when all the jewels and trinkets of a particular friend of mine were sold, and what do you think that brute, Mr. Herbert said—you know he says just what comes in his head; why he vowed my fainting was all affectation, for if I had really felt any thing, I should not have been there. Did you ever know such a shocking creature? as if one was to shut one's self up, because one's friend was unhappy. I hear Lord Ormond is returned from abroad, and greatly admired for his elegant manners. It was so unlucky I was not at the drawing-room last Thursday. I suppose I shall have his name added to the list of my adorers, and then there will be fine jealousy with poor Sir Henry; but I cannot help that, to be admired is the natural consequence of being beautiful, and I am so used to it, that I always

always expect it now—so if he does not like to see his wife followed by all the young men of fashion, he must not marry me.—Adieu, my dear Georgina, write to me soon, I entreat you, and tell me how you can continue to pass your time in your hermitage.

Your's

E. DYSART.

P. S. You remember Mrs. Edmonds, the clergyman's widow, who was housekeeper at Dysart Hall, do not you? the most unlucky thing in the world.—She left my mother, and set up a little grocer's shop in London, and was going on very well; but some misfortune happened to her, I forget almost what it was, broke her leg I believe, or some such thing, and so the illness and doctors, and being cheated by the person she

she employed while she was ill, has ruined her; and now she is for ever teazing me for money, and I am forced to give her some, for she was my confidant about Melmouth, and so you know, she could tell what I should not like to be known, and she would too, I am sure, a spiteful old creature; but only think how provoking, to be obliged to waste one's money upon a poor old woman that is nothing to one, when there are such charming ways of laying it out.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

Sir Henry Paget to Lord Ormond.

BECOME your brother, Ormond? Why have I not always been so? Is it possible for any brothers to love each other better than we do?—are we not the Orestes and Pylades of modern times? You may excel me in every thing else, my dear George, but my heart will never yield the palm of affection to your's. No, no, I can keep pace with you there, my boy.—Your father and you are two extraordinary beings, I must say. I know nobody that resembles you in the least. You can do things that nobody else can. Say things, that

nobody

nobody else dare, and for the soul of me, I cannot be angry. Nay, I am going to give you an instance of the reverse. Your father's advice has made such an impression upon my mind, that I have determined immediately to break off the match with Lady Elizabeth Dysart, and send her Ladyship, and my old dad's money bags to Gilkiehing together;—but this is not all; I promised faithfully to draw upon my friend, and newly adopted father's banker, if any derangement should happen in my finances at any future period;—at present there is little likelihood of any such necessity, for when I give up my estate, I am not to refund any part of the income already received, and notwithstanding my seeming extravagance, I have had such a profusion of money to spend, that I have not dissipated all my income. I have fifteen thousand pounds

pounds in the hands of my agent, with which he is going to make an advantageous purchase. I shall immediately sell my studd at Newmarket, and my house in St. James's Square, with its elegant furniture, so you see, my dear Ormond, your brother Harry is richer than you thought; but I entreat you to say every thing to your father, expressive of reverence and affection, from his new son. Heaven send he may be able to talk me out of all my follies, as easily as he has persuaded me from marrying, from interested motives; do not give yourself any uneasiness about my love of the turf, for here it ends; the match which is to be run to-morrow, is the last I shall meddle with, for I hope my principles will be always too just, to stake my tradesmens bills, against any odds in the universe.— The vanities I cannot purchase fairly, I will

will forego. Farewell all gaiety, adieu to every heartfelt joy, if I could once imagine I had stained the cheek of the honest mechanic with a tear, by thoughtlessly contracting debts I was unable to discharge.—Giddiness, and justice, are not always incompatible—but why do I talk of giddiness, after I have received two or three more lectures from our good father, I shall have none left to complain of.

But tell me, good George, in the name of all ugly things in the universe, what am I to say to my kind mistress, to soften the rudeness of a refusal, and a refusal where things have gone so far; it is a difficult task; I have such a natural respect for the fair sex, that upon my honour, I feel the greatest repugnance at the thoughts of being rude, even to the one I like least of the sweet

sweet tribe—but I must set about it with a good heart; one comfort is, that the pill is gilt with a hundred thousand pounds, a rich equivalent for the loss of such a scapegrace husband as I should have made the dear chicken. I should have killed all the post horses in the kingdom by running away from her. I might have exclaimed with Dromio, "I know no use to put her "to, but to make a lamp of her oil, and "run away from her by the light." Do not let my new father read this letter; he will say I am not a whit the better for his good lecture, but indeed I am, and I beg he will not spare me, but preach on. I feel a kind of presentiment, that I shall grow quite steady in time; he has one advantage in new modelling me, he has not to break me of the detestable habit of swearing, that truly stableonian vice I never contracted. You

see

see, I coin words, I shall be a second Doctor Johnson. Bless me, what an egotist I am become with my forebodings of future emminence, so let me conclude this letter full of I's—by assuring you, that I wait with impatience for your promised confidence. I shall not be in town till Saturday, and so shall not see the friend I love best on earth—I think, Ormond, you can guess who that is for,

Your affectionate and

Obliged,

H. P.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

Lord Ormond to Sir Henry Paget.

NORTHINGTON CASTLE.

Friday.

I ARRIVED here, last night, my dear Henry, and was introduced to the beautiful Lady you spoke so highly of, in one of your late letters. She is lovely indeed—it is seldom you meet with such an assemblage of charms; regularity of features, expression of countenance, delicacy of complexion, and the most perfect symmetry of form, are all blended in Lady Caroline Egerton—but you will perceive, by this minute account of her, that my heart is safe,

safe, for never could a passionate lover, enter into a regular description of the woman he adored, *le joli ensemble, le charmant je ne scais quoi*, which fascinates him. I remember, before I went abroad, laughing heartily at Jack Sydney one day. I asked him what colour Lady Emily Dorton's eyes were of, and he could not tell me; though he had been paying his addresses to her Ladyship, for more than two years; he swore that they were the most beautiful eyes he ever saw, but whether, grey, or blue, or black, he could not positively say, however, he would look next time he saw her; now Jack was one of those passionate lovers, who scarcely exist out of their mistresses presence, and think all perfection of beauty centered in the woman they adore.—I think there cannot be any thing written more characteristic of the passion of love, than that speech of count Basil, in the play

of

of that name, when one of his companions has been describing the beauties of the Princess Victoria, and praising the snowy whiteness of her hand, he suddenly exclaims,

" Mark'd you her hand? I saw it not—
" And yet she mov'd it thrice!"

He had been too much absorbed in the contemplation of her charms, to be able to particularise any one of them.

I was received with the most affectionate warmth by the Duke of Northington, and with a vast many compliments, by the Duchess; but I do not like that good Lady, I never did; there is a sort of hauteur about her very forbidding, even when she means to be gracious, she cannot divest herself

herself of the stiffness which habit has rendered natural to her; she is a fine woman, and as majestic in person, as in deportment; she doats with a sort of enthusiasm on Lady Caroline, and you may easily perceive, that she expects every body that gazes upon her daughter to adore her.—The house is very full of company now, and I find that more is expected. We are to have very brilliant doings here next week; Thursday is Lady Caroline's birthday, and the greatest preparations are making, to do honour to it. She will then enter her nineteenth year; when I have made myself master of the plan for the amusements of the day, I will write you an account of them. There is one very agreeable rule here, which suits me exactly, the breakfast bell rings at nine, and till eleven, the Duchess does the honours of the breakfast table,

after

after that time till dinner, the company are at liberty to do as they like, to ride, or walk, read, form little parties, or lounge by themselves, just as suits their fancy; the Duchess never dictates in the least, but leaves the mornings to her guests own management, and enjoys her own with the same freedom. I have been strolling about the park, quite alone, this morning, and find it most beautifully romantic, it has the advantage of an abundance of fine oaks, under whose delightful shade, the axe has not resounded for these two centuries; the river winds its silver stream through one part of it, and adds to the beauty of the scene. The castle is an immense gothic building, with towers in abundance, and long galleries, and painted windows, gloomy enough for any modern novel in christendom; the south wing, however, has been modernised, and

there is a delightful saloon, fitted up with the most exquisite taste; the Duchess, it seems, prides herself upon her taste in furniture, and with great reason, for I think she excels in it, by what I have hitherto seen; her own dressing-room and *boudoir*, I am told, are beautiful beyond description; I am to see them to-morrow. There are some paintings by Lady Caroline, of which the Duchess is not a little vain. My father mentioned them at breakfast this morning, and the Duchess very generously promised to shew them to me to-morrow morning, if I would join her party after breakfast. Lady Caroline is to read a French play to a few select friends—am not I highly honoured to be admitted to such a party? This morning they are gone in the Duchess's sociable, to see Lady Evremont, who lives about six miles from hence. My father is to be with them,

but

but I was not invited. I have taken such a long walk, that it is five o'clock, and as we dine exactly at six, I must hasten to dress; not that I mean to be an hour at my toilet, Harry, but the Duke has promised to shew me some cartoons that he reckons extremely fine, and I am to decide whether they are finer than those Mountague gave so much money for. You remember that story, do not you? Mountague is here, and very anxious for my decision, and he desires me to remind you of your promise, of spending a few days with him at Fancourt this summer.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

I am more and more pleased with this place. I have passed a most delightful

evening, in refined conversation—not a very usual way of killing time in the *beau monde*, I believe. After dinner, when we returned to the drawing-room, several parties at cards were made, but as that is an amusement I detest, I did not attempt to join them. I was sitting on a sopha with Mr. Orme, a venerable clergyman, who has been chaplain here these many years, and whom I was delighted to meet with, having seen him accidentally abroad, the first year after I left England; but thereby hangs a tale, and you must look for the explanation of it in the packet enclosed with this letter, which contains the adventure of my heart during my sojourn in the land of freedom; but to return to my subject. As I was chatting with the above named gentleman, Lady Caroline Egerton passed us, holding Miss Evelyn's arm, (a young

young lady who is companion to Lady Caroline) have you made a convert of Lord Ormond too, Mr. Orme? said Lady C. smiling; then turning to me, Mr. Orme is so rich in the flowers of rhetorick, said she, that he is continually drawing young gentlemen from the fascination of the card table—if your Ladyship would join him, replied I, then I think we should be irresistible. When beauty lends her aid to reason, Circe smiles in vain—a fair challenge, my Lady, said Mr. Orme. I think your Ladyship will not be so cruel as to withhold your aid from reason. Miss Evelyn joining in the request, Lady Caroline very condescendingly accepted my seat on the sopha, while I had the honour of leaning over the back of it, and we four entered into the most agreeable conversation I ever enjoyed, (except at Genoa, mind that) we were so

delighted with each other, that supper was announced, before we thought an hour had elapsed. When I handed Lady Caroline to her seat at the table, the Duchess said, smiling, your Lordship has imbibed the Italian gusto for *la conversazione.* I must have been insensible to the charms of wit and beauty, replied I, bowing to Lady Caroline, if I had not preferred the conversation I have just now enjoyed, to any other amusement; though this was nothing more than a compliment of course, I could perceive that I was highly in the Duchess's graces for making it—no coquette was ever more vain of her beauty, more anxious to catch at compliments paid to it, than the Duchess is for her daughter; and I can perceive, that her mother's anxiety that her Ladyship should attract universal attention, often gives pain to Lady Caroline's delicate mind;

mind; but it is time to put an end to this letter—the packet which accompanies it, will be sufficient to tire more patience than you are master of. I am longing to hear how you get off your engagement with Lady E. D. Farewell,

My dear Paget,

Your's truly,

ORMOND.

LORD ORMOND'S NARRATIVE.

Enclosed in the preceding.

YOU recollect, my dear Paget, that I left England the latter end of the year 1792,

notwithstanding all the remonstrances of my friends, who but too justly foretold the horrors in which France would shortly be involved. My curiosity to investigate the causes and consequences of the wonderful revolution that had so lately taken place in that devoted country, was not to be conquered by doubts, or intimidated by dangers; and my father, ever indulgent to my wishes, at length gave his consent for my departure.

It had been concerted between him, and Mr. Travers, that we should assume the characters of Americans, and as Mr. T. had passed some years in that country, and was connected, by the marriage of a sister, with a man of great fortune and influence at Philadelphia, it was not a difficult task to accomplish. We assumed the name of Mathew, which is that of Mr. T.'s brother-in-law

law, and by means of his agent, in London, obtained letters of credit upon several American merchants, in different parts of France.

We embarked at Portsmouth, on board an American vessel, bound for the Mediterranean, which was to take us to Marseilles. I pass over our voyage, which was tedious enough; we landed safely at the wished for port, and without much difficulty obtained passports to Paris, whether we were bent upon going immediately. You will laugh at the idea of taking such a round-about journey, when we professed being in a hurry; but the truth was, that well aware of the risk we run by visiting that distracted nation, at such a suspicious period, under borrowed characters, we thought it the safest way to land at a port distant from the coast of England, lest we should be suspected of

being spies from a nation, of whom the French were then particularly jealous; and we found the benefit of our precaution, as nobody seemed to entertain the least doubt of our being the people we said we were.

On board the Lovely Nancy, the name of the ship we went in, was an elderly gentleman, a clergyman, whose manners were so peculiarly engaging, that I felt a real regret at the necessity of parting from him, as we did on our arrival at Marseilles. He told us, that he was going to Avignon, in the neighbourhood of which was a convent of Dominican nuns, to whose care a young lady, the daughter of a particular friend of his, had been intrusted about two years before, but that the present state of France, had alarmed her friends for her safety, and they had commissioned him to fetch

fetch her to England. I am much afraid, added the good gentleman, that my undertaking will be attended with great difficulty, since I am told, that the common people are particularly inimical to all religious societies, and perhaps will not let me bring away my young charge; her being an Englishwoman, and of high birth, are still stronger reasons for alarm, but heaven is all sufficient.

I took the liberty of asking him, who the young lady was, but he politely declined satisfying me, assuring me, that he was not at liberty to divulge her name, her friends having enjoined profound secrecy. As this seemed the most indifferent thing in the world to me, I acquiesced with a perfect composure, little dreaming how dif-

ferently I should one time think upon the same subject.

We put up at the Lion D'or, and after passing one social evening together, we parted with mutual regret; for although our route, as far as Avignon, was exactly the same, yet we thought it most prudent to go separately, as every traveller was eyed with suspicion, and the larger the party, the more liable to attract notice. It was therefore agreed on, that we should set out first, as Mr. Orme had some arrangements to make for his return by the same vessel, as soon as he should have brought his fair charge to Marseilles. We continued our route to Paris, without any adventure worth relating; the interruptions we met with, now and then, from the National Guards, were always overruled, by the cool

presence

presence of mind with which Mr. Travers is so richly gifted, and we reached the capital the beginning of December, having been fifteen days on our journey from Marseilles.

Here we remained till the ensuing month, when we set out for Italy, by the same way we came, intending to go by Antibes, and la Corniche—the romantic scene which that route exhibits, having been described to me with such enthusiastic rapture by Mr. Travers, that I was determined at all risks to gratify myself with a sight of them. I pass over in silence all the events that took place during my stay at Paris; they are well known to every one, and if you are particularly curious to see my private remarks upon them, I will shew them to you when we meet; but I am not

now

now writing a political history. I shall therefore wave every thing, but what is inseparably connected with my subject. At our parting, Mr. Orme, had promised to write a letter, and put it into the innkeepers hands at Marseilles, before he embarked for England, to satisfy our anxious wishes for his safety, we accordingly went thither, though it was out of our way in going to Antibes, and hoped to hear that worthy man had escaped the dangers he seemed to dread, and was safely embarked for his native land; but when we came to Marseilles, we found the face of things greatly changed. Our host was become a municipal officer, wore the national sash, and had assumed that ferocity of manners, so much "the order of the day." On our alighting from our carriage, we were shewn into the same room we had before occupied, and at our

our particular request our host appeared. We immediately enquired, whether any letter had been left for us, during our absence; a short negative was his reply; but when we asked him, whether he knew if Mr. Orme had returned to Marsellies, and had taken shipping according to his intention, he answered, with the greatest asperity, that he neither knew, nor wished to know, what became of aristocrats, but hoped he had met with the fate he deserved, as a total extermination of such wretches, was the only chance good patriots had for existence. Shocked at his unfeeling brutality, and alarmed for the safety of the worthy Mr. Orme, I found it difficult to command my feelings, but a look from Mr. Travers silenced me.

I hope,

I hope, my good friend, said he, addressing himself to the innkeeper, that you will allow, there cannot be truer patriots than us Americans; it was from us that France caught the flame of liberty, which now burns so brightly through every province of this happy land. I had reason to think that the gentleman I enquired after cherished the same principles that I do, or I should not have been at all interested in his welfare. It is also very probable, you might be deceived, replied mine host, and immediately withdrew, without relaxing a single muscle of his face. A difficulty that arose respecing our passport, obliged us to stay all night at Marseilles, to which necessity we yielded with reluctance, since the reception we had met with from Citizen Vallencourt, the name of our host, by no means accorded with our expectation. We were so extremely

tremely cautious in our conversation with each other, that we did not dare to communicate our mutual doubt of the safety of our present situation, which the menacing air of our host had placed in a disagreeable light; but what was our astonishment, to see him enter with our supper, and insist upon waiting upon us himself. I must own his altered manner, and officious attention during our repast, filled me with the most disagreeable sensations, I ever remembered to have experienced. I was convinced that he was laying a trap to ensnare us, and was determined to disbelieve every thing he uttered. I saw, in spite of his endeavours to conceal it, a tremulous motion in his hand, and a visible hurry in every thing he did and said, which seemed to proceed from the most violent, but stifled emotions. At length, he advanced alone to Mr. Travers, and speaking

ing in a whisper said, can I trust you Sir? Ah, do not trust him, exclaimed I, turning to Mr. T. my feelings, for an instant, getting the better of my prudence. Young man, said Valencourt, sternly, that selfish doubting may cost a fellow creature his life, another such expression, and I am for ever silent. Pardon me, my good friend, said I, if I have imbibed suspicions of your character, you must thank your own twice altered manner for the affront. I own, said he, in a softened tone, that there is some reason in what you say; these are times of distrust and duplicity, and nothing but an attachment, excited by the most exalted pity and respect for two of the most amiable beings in the world, could induce me to run the risk I now do to save them. I repeat, may I trust you? You may, said Mr. Travers, with life itself. No earthly force shall

make

make us betray you. No danger shall deter us from lending any assistance in our power, to the objects of distress you seem to wish to recommend to us. I answer for both, continued he; that young man, who is my nephew, is faithful and unshaken. I bowed my assent, and Valencourt, after he had assured himself by looking out that no listener was near, addressed us in the following words. I know not how it is, that your countenances have induced me to trust you with my life, and every thing that is dear to me, though your expressions respecting patriotism ought to deter me from so doing; however, I am in for it now, and if I should fall, it will be in a glorious cause—the cause of humanity. You will no doubt be surprised to hear, that the gentleman you this day enquired after, is now concealed in this house, as well as

the

the young lady who was under his care. Here they have lingered for more than two months, shut up in a miserable loft, that admits no light but through a small laticed window; no food have they but what I carry to them myself, for I have entrusted nobody with the secret; but I must be brief; about three weeks after his departure for Avignon, Mr. Orme was brought here, and a young lady with him, attended with some national guards; they had been taken up on suspicion of being counter-revolutionists, and some papers found in their possession, tended to encrease this opinion; they were brought here, because Mr. Orme had declared that he had left some property at this place, and had engaged an American Captain to take him, and his daughter, to America. Every thing he had here was seized, and himself and the beautiful lady were

were thrown into prison. I was an eye witness to all their sufferings, and under the mask of the most brutal contempt, felt exquisitely for them; being a municipal officer, I was present at their last examination, when they were, together with several more, sentenced to be guillotined the next day, with an air of ferocity that made them tremble. I entreated their judge to suffer me to conduct them to their prison, in order, said I, that I may secure them from all possibility of escape, as these English aristocrats are fertile of invention. The inveterate hatred I appeared to feel for all who were not good patriots, had gained me great esteem with the municipality. I was therefore trusted, without suspicion, I conducted the unhappy sufferers back to their prison, but placed them together in a small cell, at the extremity of the building, the

end

end nearest my own house. Before I locked the door upon them, I suffered my features to relax from their usual sternness, and desired them not to be surprised, if they saw me again at midnight. A gleam of hope seemed, for an instant, to cheer the countenance of both, but as quickly gave way to the settled, but soft melancholy, which had given something of a divine air to their features, through all their misery. I hastened away to prepare for the scheme I had planned, and when the hour I named arrived, after I had gone my usual rounds through the streets, I went, under pretence of observing its safety, to examine the prison. It was a dark cold night, and none of my companions offered to accompany me. I accordingly drew near the door of Mr. Orme's cell, and unlocking it softly, ordered them both to follow me. They complied

complied in silence, not knowing what fate awaited them. I conveyed them, unperceived, to my own house, and by a back door, and back stair-case, landed them safely in the loft they now occupy. I enjoined them to observe a profound silence, and immediately returned to their cell, and by means of a dark lantern, I set the straw it contained on fire, and then locked the door, and retired to a distance, to observe the issue. The building was old, and soon felt the effects of the fire, and as this cell was at some distance from those that contained the other prisoners, the flames had made a great progress, before they were discovered. As soon as the alarm was given, I hastened through the crowd to open the doors to the wretched creatures confined in that receptacle of misery. Many of them were taken into custody again, but heaven be praised,

many

many escaped, and not one life was lost by the conflagration. As that part of the building in which Mr. Orme and his daughter had been confined, was entirely consumed, before the alarm was given, not a doubt was entertained of their having perished in the flames, and not a shadow of suspicion has ever fallen upon me, respecting the fire. The authority I assume makes me feared and respected; but should it be once known what heart is concealed beneath the mask, certain death awaits me, and inevitable ruin must be the fate of all who belong to me. Severe must have been the sufferings of your friend, and his daughter, since they have been beneath my roof, though I have done all I could to soften them. I only dare visit them once in the four and twenty hours, which is at midnight, when I convey to them what is

necessary

necessary for their support; but as light might lead to discovery, I am under the cruel necessity of denying it to them, and they have none, but what is conveyed through the small lattice I mentioned. The want of air and exercise, has reduced them both much, and I tremble every day, lest disease should overtake them, before they are removed from hence. What then shall I not suffer, to know that they languish on a bed of sickness, without daring to call in medical aid, or a tender nurse's assistance.

Here Valencourt ended his recital. You will easily imagine the distress we felt at so mournful a tale. We both, at the same instant, involuntarily exclaimed, What can be done? There is but one way of extricating the poor sufferers, replied Valencourt, I will explain it to you presently,

but I must now retire, or some observation will be made upon our being together so long—about midnight, if you will give me admittance, I will attend you in your chamber, and when we have consulted upon the means of liberating my prisoners, if we find the scheme practicable, I will acquaint them with the good fortune that awaits them; at present, they know nothing of your being here. I would not torment them with hopes that might prove fallacious, their sufferings have been too great already. Saying this, he quitted the room, and left us to make our own remarks on what we had heard. It is very strange, said I, that before Valencourt began to speak, I had determined not to believe a single word he said, and yet, every syllable he has uttered stamps conviction on my mind. Truth is easily known from falsehood, my dear young friend,

friend, replied Mr. Travers, it requires only common penetration, and a strict adherence to the laws of the former, to detect the latter, wherever you meet her. If you never admit falsehood to your own breast, she has no power over you in others, and you will never be so far misled, as to mistake the effrontery of the one, for the firmness of the other. Candour sits enthroned upon the brow of truth; her words are few and plain, they want no ornament, for conviction bears them instantly from the ear to the heart. If you are ever in doubt, observe the eye of the speaker, if he is uttering a falsehood, it will fall abashed beneath the steady gaze of truth; his tongue may deceive, his eye cannot. Valencourt has related a plain fact, the only colouring it has received arises from the benevolent feelings of his own heart—feelings that do honour

to human nature. The poor friendless stranger is received, succoured, protected, by a man who runs the risk of his own life, by the generous assistance he affords; was it the child of his affection—the friend of his heart, for whose loved sake he exposed himself to danger, the merit of the action would be greatly lessened; but for the oppressed foreigner—the helpless female—to dare the worst of perils, is the true spirit of christian charity, a heroism worthy the noblest character. I burn with impatience, said I, to know how we can assist in removing the unfortunate objects of Valencourt's generous care, from the innumerable dangers that surrounded them. I envy him the delightful consciousness of succouring the distressed, which he now so exclusively enjoys. It is but ten o'clock, said Mr. Travers, looking at his watch, we have still two hours

to

to wait for the gratification of our curiosity. After passing about half an hour more in conversation, we retired to our apartment, and about midnight had the satisfaction of hearing Valencourt tap gently at our door, which was instantly opened to receive him. I am come now, said he, to put your generosity and courage to the test. The scheme I have to propose is the most romantic possible; if you have more prudence than generosity, the proposal must fall to the ground, for I do not hesitate to own, even while I am making it, that you will be more easily justified in refusing, than complying with it. My plan for Mr. Orme and his daughter's escape, is simply this, that they should take your places in your post chaise, the young Lady assuming your name, and habit. I have got your

 passport,

passport, which must be appropriated to their use, and which will convey them safely to Antibes, where I should advise them to take shipping for Genoa; but as the least bustle, or change, would excite suspicion, every article of your property must be left to their mercy, till you meet again at Antibes, whither I will take upon me to convey you safely, though by a much more fatiguing mode of travelling, for you must ride post horses; and should these hitherto unfortunate travellers be discovered as impostors, you will lose your property without daring so much as to enquire after it, lest you should involve yourselves in their fate. There is but little time for deliberation, for if we put this scheme in execution, Mr. and Miss Orme must set out before day light, lest any of the municipal officers should have observed your figures, and detect

detect the imposition. You must both put on the uniform of the national guard, and some dispatches I shall send by you to a brother of mine, who is an officer in the republican army, at Antibes, will insure your safety, should any suspicion arise concerning you on your route. The debilitated state of Mr. Orme's health, and the extreme delicacy of the young Lady, made it impossible for me to contrive their escape by such means as I am proposing to you, since, I am convinced, they are unable to encounter the fatigue of riding on horseback, in their own characters, much more in such as you must assume. This, gentlemen, is my proposal, your own hearts must decide whether it ought to be acceeded to or not. Should you comply with it, I will immediately introduce Mr. Orme to you, and prepare for his departure. Should you re-

fuse, I must await God's time for the accomplishment of my wishes. The objects of my concern will at least have been spared the torture of suspence, the agony of disappointment. I looked at Mr. Travers for his approbation—his mild eye beamed with benevolence—hasten Sir, said I, taking Valencourt's hand, hasten to your unhappy prisoners, and assure them that you have at length met with hearts congenial to your own—hearts capable of feeling the misfortunes of their fellow creatures more forcibly, than any danger that can accrue to themselves, in succouring their distress. We are ready to run all the risks you have represented so candidly, and endure with patience every fatigue, and shall esteem ourselves most happy, if such trifling sacrifices on our part, can purchase the freedom and happiness of two unfortunate beings. Generous

nerous young man! said Valencourt, whilst tears of joy nearly choaked his utterance. He has spoke my sentiments, said Mr. Travers—he has promised no more than we are both ready to perform. Heaven bless you both, replied Valencourt, I will hasten to my captives, it is long since their ears drank the tidings of joy. So saying, he quitted the room, and in about half an hour after returned with the venerable Mr. Orme, whose weak frame seemed sinking under the mingled emotions of joy, gratitude, and surprise. Valencourt having seated him in an arm chair, again left us, to fetch the young lady, with whom he returned before the mutual congratulations between Mr. Orme and us had subsided; but ah! my dear Paget, how shall I describe the emotions of my heart, when the most lovely of her sex was introduced to us. I had expected

to see an object interesting indeed, from the delicacy of her sex, and the truly distressing circumstances of captivity in a strange land—but ah! when I beheld the beauteous Emily, the dignity of her deportment converted pity into admiration—she seemed an angel to be worshipped, rather than a prisoner to be set free, nor had all the disadvantage she had suffered in her long confinement, been able to subdue the lustre of her beauty. I was roused from the stupefaction of intranced gazing, by the melodious sound of her voice, enquiring in the most plaintive accents of Mr. Orme, whether he thought himself equal to the arduous undertaking before them; he assured her he was, and entreated her to exert all her fortitude, and to remember the effort was for freedom, and her native land. I shall never forget the mournful shake of her head, and the piteous

expression

expression of her eyes, when she replied, Shall I find freedom in my native land?

Mr. Orme turned from her, and I saw he struggled to suppress a tear. She quickly seemed to recollect herself, and turning to us with ineffable grace, said, I must be insensible to every feeling of gratitude, if I could suffer any weak fears of mine, to disappoint the generous efforts of these gentlemen, to set the captives free. I am willing to do every thing that may shew the sense I have of their goodness; the necessary change of her dress was then mentioned to her as indispensable, the deepest blushes tinged her cheeks—I cannot describe what I felt for her—among strangers—no female to speak to—to consult with; I saw the agony of her soul. Valencourt, I shall always love the man's very name, went

to her with the most respectful air, and said, sweet Lady, in the closet adjoining this apartment, you will find what is necessary for your change; and there is a surtout which will cover you from head to foot, and which you will find very comfortable, as the weather is very cold, for the time of year, and it will cover the awkwardness of your new apparel. She could not reply, except by a gracious inclination of her head, but I saw that she felt relieved, in some degree, by Valencourt's friendly attention, and on being urged by Mr. Orme, she retired to the closet to adjust her dress, while Valencourt left us to prepare for their departure. Mr. Orme then began to express his gratitude, for what he termed, our heroic goodness, and which he assured us nothing but the safety of his beloved ward could have induced him to accept of. He then descanted

descanted on the kindness of Valencourt—his generosity in risking his own life for their safety—his attention to all their wants during their confinement—his consideration for Emily, whose delicacy he knew would suffer by being confined with a man, though he supposed that man to be her father; he had been at the trouble, to accommodate her, to part the loft they occupied, by means of a large folding screen, that she might have an apartment to herself, for he said, he well knew *la delicatesse des Angloises*, and added Mr. Orme, he had no assistant in his attendance on us, and yet he never suffered us to want any thing but light, which he was obliged, for our mutual safety, though reluctantly, to deny us. While we were thus engaged in discourse, Valencourt entered, and told us every thing was ready for the departure of our friends. Mr. Orme took

both

both our hands, and repeated the word friends, while tears ran down his cheeks; you deserve that title gentlemen, added he, but we cost you too dear to dare to claim it, unless gratitude and affection, may be accepted, instead of disinterested friendship. You must waste no time in compliments, said Valencourt, you will meet again in a safer place, I hope, soon. I advise you to take shipping at —— for Genoa, which place must be your rendezvous, nor must any visible communication take place between you, before you arrive there, even if you should pass on the road. I will take care of the safety of these two gentlemen's persons, and you, turning to Mr. Orme, must take the best care you can of their property, and heaven bless and prosper you all! Mr. Orme embraced Valencourt, and attempted to thank him, but his feelings were

too

too great for utterance; give yourself no pain about what I have done, said Valencourt, it is no more than my duty, no more than you would have done for me, had I been in your circumstances, and I in your's; but if you feel your heart burthened by the obligation, repay it to the first unfortunate French emigrant you meet with, when you return to your own country, and rest assured that Valencourt wants no better reward, than what his own feelings bestow upon him. He then went to the closet door, and tapping gently, entreated the lovely Emily to hasten as much as possible. She opened the door, and entered our apartment timidly, with cheeks dyed with crimson blushes; but the surtout with which Valencourt had supplied her, so completely covered her, that it would have been impossible to know she had changed her female habit, had not her beauti-

ful

ful hair, which before hung dishevelled on her shoulders, been plaited and turned up under a hat, which I instantly knew to be mine; and as instantly felt that the King's diadem would not be half so precious in my sight as that hat, if I could ever get it into my possession again. I will not suffer a word more to be spoken, said Valencourt. Mr. Orme embraced us both in silence. We bowed to the lovely Emily, she held out her hand with inexpressible sweetness, first to Mr. Travers, then to me. The impulse was irresistible, I pressed it to my lips, she hastily withdrew it, and the next instant I lost sight of her. I stood with eyes fixed upon the door, unconscious of my very being, and wholly absorbed in the tender passion which had so suddenly subdued me, till Mr. Travers tapped me on the shoulder, and asked me whether my spirit had departed

with

with my wardrobe. Even so, my good friend, I believe, said I; at least there seems but little left behind. I am sorry to hear it, said Mr. Travers; the young lady certainly possesses every personal beauty the eye can wish to gaze on, and the beauties of her mind seem to correspond with her exterior appearance; but at present it can be only seeming to us, who in this short period can form but a very imperfect judgment of her character. I never was a friend to these sudden impressions, and I hope therefore, your's will prove as transient as it is sudden. For the first time in my life, my dear friend, replied I, I cannot wish as you do. I have always laughed at love at first sight, but I now feel my mirth was ill-founded; the impression I have just received can never be effaced; should I find the object of my love unworthy of it, I may avoid, and lament,

ment, but can never forget her; but why do I talk of the possibility of her being unworthy, when even by your own maxim, so lately given, I am convinced of her goodness. I have examined her eyes. You say the eye cannot deceive, in her's are beautifully expressed, sense, truth, and innocence! Well, said Mr. Travers, smiling, if you fight against me with my own weapons I must give up the contest, and am willing to hope this newly found angel may prove to be,

" All that youthful poets fancy, when they love."

She is of high birth, said I, if you recollect, Mr. Orme told us so, when we met him first; yes, and I remember too, replied Mr. Travers, that he refused to tell you her name,

name, and that there seems a mystery about her, which I fear will prove inimical to the sanguine schems that are now forming in your heated imagination; but let me entreat you, my dear young friend, as you value the happiness of your reverend father, to use your utmost endeavours to repress this ill-judged attachment, before it gains too much ground in your heart. I know you too well, to fear that you would do an imprudent, or dishonorable action, but why will you make your duty and happiness at variance, by bestowing your heart, before your reason has had time to approve your choice? Let us talk no more on the subject, my dear Mr. Travers, said I, all that can be done, I will do to conquer my inclination, but I feel too forcibly to flatter you. I fear that will be nothing, Mr. Travers sighed, and just then Valencourt returned to us,

and

and after giving us the satisfaction of hearing that our friends were departed without any observation, he bid us good night, advising us to take our rest till late the next morning, as it would not be possible for us to depart till the day after, and we must keep close to our chamber, till that period arrived. We followed his advice, and retired to our beds, but for my part, sleep had forsaken my eyelids. Anxiety forbid repose; the image of the lovely stranger floated on my imagination, nor could all my efforts banish the sweet vision, for an instant.—How fondly did I anticipate the joy of meeting her again at Genoa; how devoutly bless the lucky chance that led my steps to Marseilles, and made me one of the happy instruments of my charmer's freedom; then terror seized the reins of fancy, and pointing out the various perils that awaited her in

her

her journey to Antibes, sunk all my high-built hopes to sadness and despair. I arose in the morning dispirited and pale, and received another lecture from my dear Mr. Travers, upon the imprudence of so violent an attachment to a perfect stranger—my heart revolts, said I, my good friend, at the word stranger; the beauteous Emily is the counter part of my own soul, and sympathy, divine sympathy, has pointed her out to me; in loving her, I yield to an impulse not to be resisted. These are the arguments of a very young man, replied Mr. Travers, gravely, I very little thought, long as I have known you, my Lord, that there could be so much headstrong passion in a mind, where reason has hitherto preserved the most perfect equilibrium.—I would give a thousand pounds this instant, said I, smiling, to see you overhead and

ears

ears in love with some charming, irresistible creature, who, possessing an equal share of beauty with the object of my adoration, might be supposed to exert an equal share of power on your affections. And would you really give a thousand pounds? said Mr. Travers, smiling in his turn, for my earnestness diverted him. I would upon my honour. Well then, give me your hand, it is a bargain, I will shew you that wished for sight instantly, replied he.— How can that be, exclaimed I, astonished. Very easily, here I stand before you, in the very predicament you wish to see me, i. e. overhead and ears in love. Impossible! said I; there is not a single symptom of passion about you. Because, my dear young friend, passion is my servant, not my master, replied Mr. Travers, and, continued he, taking my hand, I should not have mentioned

tioned the circumstance to you now, had it not been from a desire to convince you by example, how easy it is for a man of sense to keep passion in subjection. Ah! you do not love as I do, or you could not be so cool, so collected, returned I. Pardon me, my Lord, I think I may justly say, my love can bear no comparison to your's, said Mr. Travers; mine is not the sudden start of the moment, embibed at the eyes; it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; the sweet object of my affection was dear to me in the days of smiling infancy, and each improving year has rendered her dearer to my heart, more amiable in my eyes; the beauty of her person is the least of her charms; the casket is beautiful, but the rich jewels are within! Her image is interwoven with my very existence, and becomes part of myself;

self; no prayer ever rises to heaven from this bosom uncharged with her beloved name, and yet, you see my friend, this exquisite tenderness never interferes with the performance of my duty; far from it, the sweet influence ennobles my soul, exalts my sentiments, and renders me capable of encountering the most arduous trials, in the fond hope of becoming more worthy of the esteem of one, whose approbation was never yet lightly bestowed. Ah! my dear Mr. Travers, said I, my worthy mentor, where have you left this angelic creature, and how was it possible you could endure the separation? I have already told you, that I can do any thing I think my duty. We are neither of us rich in the gifts of fortune, and I could not bear the thoughts of involving the woman I adored in poverty, for any selfish consideration. I have therefore left

her

her in England, without even exacting a promise of constancy to one, who perhaps may never possess the means of providing for her, in a manner suitable to the delicacy with which she has been educated. But I am persuaded you will have it in your power sooner than you expect, my dear Mr. Travers, said I, and I dare say, though you have exacted no promise, you are pretty sure of the unshaken faith of your amiable mistress; and you may believe me, when I assure you, that you shall have no cause to repent the confidence you have placed in me; from henceforth I will imitate, as closely as possible, the bright example you set me, and endeavour to render myself worthy the friendship of a man I esteem hourly more and more. Excellent young man, (said Mr. Travers, tears standing in his eyes) I knew you would not disappoint

my expectations; your glory is mine, our interests are inseparable; the least blemish in your character will place an indelible stain upon mine; remember that, my amiable friend, and as I am sure you are too generous to suffer me to be disgraced, I may give fear to the winds.

You will think me prolix, my dear Henry, in thus relating our conversations verbatim, but my motive is your improvement, for I think every word Mr. Travers utters worthy to be written in letters of gold, and I am convinced, even such a madcap as you would have become a very Telemachus in the hands of such a Mentor. For the sake of brevity (as I dare say you have yawned a dozen times before you read half so far) I will pass over all our adventures between Marseilles and Antibes,

Antibes, which were not materially interesting, and convey you by a *coup de main*, from one place to the other, only stopping to relate our parting with the generous Valencourt, which deserves to be recorded. Just as we were ready to set out, he called us aside, and taking us by the hands, I am now about to bid you farewell, said he, gentlemen; and I flatter myself, my behaviour has impressed your minds with a conviction, that all the French are not monsters. Towards you, my conduct has been actuated by motives the most disinterested, but with respect to the other party, I cannot boast so much, though perhaps even there I am not wholly unworthy praise. The inducement that led me to rescue that unfortunate pair, from the fate that awaited them, was love, the purest but most violent that ever warmed the breast of

mortal, for the beautiful Emily; certain of the impossibility of meeting with a return of affection from her, I determined to sacrifice my life, if it was necessary, to save hers, and to run every risk to insure her happiness; if I could know that I have succeeded, a ray of joy would brighten the dark clouds of despair, which must now for ever hang over my devoted head, and render life not only indifferent, but odious to me; tell the lovely, the angelic creature, my sad tale, and though I know she cannot love me, yet I am persuaded she will not be able to refuse the tear of pity to my hapless fate, and gratitude may perhaps kindle the generous passion of esteem in her bosom, for one, who when he had her in his power, did not hesitate to choose between her interest, and his own gratification, and felt too sensibly the delicacy of her situation,

tion, to intimate to her how dear it cost him to oblige her! I cannot describe what I felt at this relation; astonishment and admiration chained my tongue; to find such generosity, such noble self-denial in a man uninstructed, unrefined by education, filled me with wonder, and yet how foolish that surprize! The soul is the emanation of the Deity, and though learning and refinement may set virtuous actions in a splendid light, they never suggested them to the heart; the seeds must be there, or no mortal power can produce the fruit. We took our leave of Valencourt with an attendrissement (to use his own word) not to be expressed; he had provided amply for our safety and support during our journey, by the disguise with which he supplied us, and the other precautions he had taken; we carried dispatches of some im-

portance to his brother at Antibes, who had a considerable post in the republican army, and who received us in the most cordial manner; and as soon as we were alone, gave us the joyful information, that Mr. Orme and his beautiful charge had sailed for Genoa, the day before we arrived, unsuspected of fraud or imposition; there was rather more difficulty in shipping us off, but this was accomplished by the address of Citizen Jean Valencourt, who entreated us at parting, to repay the civility we had met with in France, to his unfortunate countrymen in England, as we had confided to him, and his brother, the secret of our being Englishmen.

Our short voyage to Genoa was favourable, and we were no sooner arrived there, than we found ourselves in the arms of the

the excellent Mr. Orme, and I had the delight of pressing the fair hand of the charming Emily once more to my lips. No words can do justice to the grateful affection with which they both received us, calling us their deliverers, and best friends; but we observed with pain, that Mr. Orme's appearance shewed that ill-health, anxiety, and confinement, had been too much for him, and two days after our arrival at Genoa, he was taken ill of a nervous fever, which for above a week endangered his life. Common humanity forbid us to leave them in such melancholy circumstances, nor did Mr. Travers offer a single objection to my proposal, of assuring the lovely Emily, that we would not quit her till Mr. Orme's recovery was certain; but I plainly saw, that the joy I could not conceal at his compliance, gave him a considerable de-

gree of uneasiness; however, I assured him, by giving him my word, that I would propose nothing, engage in nothing, without his knowledge and concurrence; and most piously did I perform my promise, for though every day in the company of my adored Emily, I never uttered a syllable of my passion, which instead of decreasing, gained strength every moment, as the bright radiance of her heavenly mind beamed on my enraptured soul. Elegant, sensible, and highly accomplished, nothing could be more delightful than her society, and I could perceive that Mr. Travers took more pleasure in conversing with her, than he chose to confess to me—I did indeed once get him to allow, that if the sweet Emily's birth could be proved suitable to mine, and if there was nothing in the mystery connected with her history, which reflected

flected dishonour upon herself, he thought no other objection could be offered to my partiality; in general, her temper was sprightly and gay, but at intervals, she would fall into a reverie so deep, as to appear insensible to all around her; and as she gradually came to herself, there was something so affecting in her manner, so plaintive in the tone of her voice, that it was impossible not to feel interested in her fate, which seemed to have some sad tale annexed to it; for I observed these fits of despondency always seized her, if any thing relating to the freedom of England was mentioned in the course of conversation, and once, she said, when Mr. Travers was praising the British constitution, because it protected the lowest subject as much as the prince, ah! Sir, there are cruel unfeeling oppressors in England, believe me,

who can doom to solitude and despair, an unhappy creature, who has none to help her, nor can the laws you boast of, rescue the forlorn sufferer from her fate! She spoke this with an energy so pathetic, that Mr. Travers started from his chair, and going up to Mr. Orme, said, do you know any thing, Sir, of the oppression alluded to by that young lady, for she speaks in a manner too feeling to leave a doubt of her being a party concerned. To say I know nothing of it, replied Mr. Orme, would be false. I am but too well acquainted with the whole melancholy story, though, as I once before told you, Sir, I am not at liberty to reveal it; the time may come, perhaps, when I shall be no longer restrained from acting according to the dictates of justice and conscience, and then, Sir, I shall be proud of the honour

of

of confiding to your friendship, the history of our united sorrows; for mutual sufferings have bound us more closely together than consanguinity could have done; it may also happen, that I may want assistance in my endeavours to assert the rights of injured innocence; the generosity of your conduct towards us, from the first moment heaven sent you to our relief, to this period, leaves me no reason to doubt your readiness in future, to befriend us, should such aid be necessary. Ah! Sir, said I, taking hold of Mr. Orme's hand, you do us but common justice in thinking so favourably of our inclinations to serve you; for my part, I can safely affirm, that I should esteem my life itself a trifling sacrifice, to procure the happiness of suffering excellence, of oppressed innocence and beauty, such as is now before me. I

spoke this with a warmth that dyed the cheeks of my adored Emily with blushes, and I fancied—fondly fancied—something like joy sparkled in her expressive eye.

Mr. Travers put an end to the conversation, which he thought was becoming too interesting to my feelings, by thanking Mr. Orme for his confidence in his friendsip, which, he said, it should be his study to deserve; he added, that as he found Mr. Orme in a perfect state of convalescence, and the physician had assured him, there was no danger of a relapse, he was under the disagreeable necessity of saying, that our departure must be no longer postponed; and it was his fixed determination to leave Genoa the next morning, in our way to Naples. My heart seemed to turn cold, as he pronounced the

the dreaded sentence of separation, but I offered not a single objection, as I felt the wisdom of it; and could plainly perceive there was no safety for me, but in flight, as I was persuaded it was impossible for me, any longer, to adhere to my resolution, if I remained in the society of the too charming Emily. Mr. Orme, after offering a few slight persuasions to defer our journey a little longer, politely yielded to Mr. Travers's inflexibility; the sweet Emily was silent, but the sudden transition made from white to red, and *vice versa*, from red to white, which affected her lovely cheeks, gave rapture to my heart; the pains too she took to appear chearful the remainder of the evening, and the evident effort it cost her, was most flattering to the hopes that love, in spite of all the struggle of prudence, had kindled in my bosom; had

she

she given way to the same melancholy that seemed to affect every one else, at the idea of our approaching separation, I should have feared friendship alone had caused it; but when I saw her endeavouring to conceal, yet unable to hide its effects, I was transported, and scarcely could I command myself sufficiently, to repress the declaration of my unbounded passion, as it every moment trembled on my lips, and demanded utterance. At length the cruel moment came; Mr. Travers looking at his watch, said, we keep you up too late, Mr. Orme; remember, you are an invalid. Mr. Orme extended his hand, we both pressed it in silence. I approached the trembling Emily, who endeavoured to hide her emotion under a smile, uttered a faint adieu, and suffered me to press her lovely hand to my lips, without

without resistance. Farewell, too charming Emily, I cried, if I could flatter myself that you would sometimes waste a thought upon me, when I have no longer the delight of beholding you, a ray of comfort would break through the dark clouds of sorrow, which now lower around me. She replied, in a faultering voice, you are intitled to my warmest gratitude, Sir, and the best wishes of my heart will ever be yours; may you be happy wherever you go! Transcendant goodness, I replied, and may every good angel guard and keep you, and may you be blessed, as I wish you! Come, said Mr. Travers, we keep Miss Emily and Mr. Orme standing, and then Mentor like, he pushed poor Telemachus down the rocks, and tore him from his beloved Eucharise. And now, my dear Paget, all the rest of my adventures are

nothing,

nothing, a mere blank to me, for I have never seen the adored of my soul since, nor can I yet find out who she is; we informed Mr. Orme, before we parted with him, who and what we were, and he promised to visit us at our return to England. I was most agreeably surprised to find this venerable friend at Northington Castle, when I came hither; as yet I have had no opportunity of conversing with him alone, for above a few minutes. You will easily imagine I did not waste those few; he assured me my Emily, mind the joyful word, MY, was well, and what was still more delightful, had not forgotten me; he added, the mystery will be soon unravelled, and your Lordship will have no cause to blush for the attachment you have shewn my lovely *protegée*. There is one thing I must take notice of; it struck me as very

odd.

odd. When I first met Mr. Orme, it was in the presence of the Duchess. I saluted him as an old acquaintance, and expressed both joy and surprize, at meeting him; a look, however, full of meaning, that he gave me, put me on my guard, and I took care not to mention his fair charge. When our compliments were over, and Mr. Orme gone to the other end of the room, the Duchess asked me, with seeming indifference, where I had known Mr. Orme, and when, I replied, abroad, the deepest crimson covered her checks, which was instantaneously succeeded by a deadly paleness; but when I added, that I had crossed the sea with him to Marseilles, and there parted from him, she seemed to recover herself, and immediately changed the subject. But this circumstance has made a profound impression upon my mind, for I

am persuaded the mystery is not far from this spot, and that my Emily has some near connection with Northington Castle; and yet, I cannot conceive how it can be. The Duke has only two children, a son, the Marquis of Hartly, by his first Lady, and Lady Caroline by the present Duchess. I saw the Marquis of Hartly at Vienna, and a most accomplised young nobleman he is; every mouth was full of his praise, and he was highly esteemed at court. The Duke of Northington seemed much pleased with my account of his son; but I could see it did not give the same satisfaction to the Duchess; in short, her Grace is so wrapped up in Lady Caroline, that she cannot bear to hear any other person praised. Lady Caroline's accomplishments, and beauty, must command universal admiration,

miration, but love is not in our power.—My dear father hinted to me this morning, that an alliance with the Duke of Northington's family was the wish of his heart; but not, added he, my dear boy, unless it coincides with your inclination, remember that, so I do not ask your opinion of Lady C. but leave it entirely to yourself, to make what use you please of the hint I have given you, I will not hear a word on the subject now; for I was going to open my heart to him, and let him see how impossible it is for me to comply with his wishes; but he would not hear me, little thinking what I had got to say, but left me, adding, with a sweet smile, I know I can confide in you George, you will not disappoint me for a trifle.—He shall find I am worthy of the confidence he places in me.

To-morrow

To-morrow I will lay every thing before him, and he shall dispose of me as he likes.—Adieu, my dear Paget, here is a packet of love with a vengeance,

Your's,

ORMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Sir Henry Paget to Lord Ormond.

GIVE me your hand, Ormond; I took you for a divinity, a lump of perfection, without spot or blemish; thank heaven you have now proved yourself a very mortal, subject to the frailties, nay the follies of mankind. It never would have entered my brain, had I studied for a month, that it was possible for the cool—the prudent—the wise Lord Ormond, to fall in love at first sight, with an adventurer—a goddess in a cloud.—Nobody knows who—come from nobody knows where—why your humble servant, Harry Paget, could hardly have done worse. By the bye, Ormond, I have

a strong

a strong suspicion the old parson is a deep plotting fellow, and means to take you in; a thousand pounds to a penny, this Venus of medicis, turns out to be a niece, or a daughter, or a cousin of his own, and the mystery will not be cleared up, till your immaculate Lordship is too far gone in the tender passion, to resist the tempting bait with which the sly divine is setting the marriage mousetrap—now it is my turn to preach—When the fox preaches, you know the rest; but I cannot resist the temptation of taking hold of the only opportunity that may ever offer, of writing a sermon. Well, to begin, I am surprised that you can be so blind to your own happiness, as to regret the proposed alliance with the most charming woman in England, accomplished, amiable, lovely, and noble, I should add rich, but I know you despise

spise riches; now tell me, Ormond, what can the heart of man wish for more? But you reply, your affections are engaged—unalterably fixed upon an *ignis fatuus*, that will lead you into the mire, or I am greatly mistaken; fye fye, George! you do not know what you are about; you will repent when it is too late; had my good dad found such an amiable consort for me, there would have been no difficulty on my side, I can answer for it. I should have been the most obedient of sons, and this reflection brings me to my second consideration, namely, your worthy father's happiness, which I know will sustain a heavy blow, in the disappointment you are conjuring up for him. He is all generosity; he will not put the least force upon your inclination, but for that very reason, he ought to be more readily obeyed. I need

say

say but little on this head, I know, because your own heart will plead more eloquently for your father, than my pen is capable of doing. I will therefore, proceed, and lastly, what will wear a most threatening aspect, I am sure, and rouse you from your apathy if any thing can, is, if notwithstanding all the admonitions I have already given you, your evil genius tempts you to continue obstinately bent upon refusing the cup of felicity, so fairly offered to your lips. I, even I, am determined to attempt to procure a sip of it, for myself; I see your surprise, and your incredulity, as to the possibility of bringing such a thing to bear. But stay, my good friend, while I have been so deeply engaged in your affairs, I have neglected telling you how triumphantly I have concluded my treaty of marriage, and I am so angry

with you for your folly, that I have a great mind not to satisfy your curiosity, till my next letter, and I would put this spiteful resolution in practice, was I not well assured the newspapers, those ready conveyancers of fashionable scandal, would inform you of the whole transaction, before another twenty-four hours have danced round us. I think, therefore, I had better be the first informer, and thereby enable you to correct the errors of the press.

I came to town the night before last, too late to do any thing, but go to bed; which I did soberly; and as soberly got up the next morning, eat my breakfast, read a chapter in Seneca's Morals on the Blessings of Temperance and Moderation, and just as I had finished it, your enormous packet was brought to me. I flung away

the philosopher, to make room for the friend, and perused its contents with surprise, and no small portion of regret; but I have preached my sermon, and will not advert again to that subject, but proceed with my story. As soon as I had read your letter, and locked it up, I found by my watch, it was near two o'clock, the precise hour when I was wont to find my love at her *dejeune*, and therefore hastened away, in hopes of procuring the same happiness; determined to lay before her Ladyship, with the utmost candour, the exact state of my heart; and to entreat her to bestow upon me the inestimable blessing of a refusal, assuring her, that the pecuniary matters should be managed in the same way, as if the objection had originated with me, for I knew her to be too avaricious to like to part with the golden fleece; but that

my

my motive for entreating the refusal from her, was my delicacy for her Ladyship's character, lest that should suffer in the eyes of the world, by a rupture of the treaty of marriage, so nearly concluded. I conned my lesson as I walked along, and in St. James's Street, I met Percival, and Egremont, arm in arm; they turned round and joined me. I could perceive they were both brimful of mischief, but could not guess what their drift was. Egremont laughed at my gravity; nay, said Percival, I think he bears his losses with great philosophy. You are quite mistaken, said I, quite mistaken, for I came off winner at last; I thought they alluded to the affair at Newmarket. Bravo, said Egremont, I told you, if the money was safe, Harry would easily reconcile all the rest. You talk enigmas, answered I, and as I am not

in a very capable mood this morning, I will defer the explanation till another time. I am in a hurry now, adieu, *au revoir*, added I, disengaging myself from them. Percival looked archly, and said, let him alone, he is going to pay a consolatory visit. My compliments of condolence, said Egremont, and away they both walked, laughing heartly. I could not imagine what they had got in their heads, nor did I take much trouble to investigate the matter, but proceeded without farther interruption to Grosvenor square. I knocked at Lady Arpington's door, and asked if Lady Elizabeth Dysart was at home; the porter stared at me in evident confusion, and answered in the negative; as he was a stranger to me, I thought very likely, he did not know that I was admitted without limitation, I therefore told him my name, adding,

ing, I fancy your Lady will see me, when she knows I am here; her Ladyship is not gone out so early I think. Lord Sir, replied the man, opening his eyes still wider, you do not know then, that my young Lady is runned away, and that my poor Lady is distracted mad about her? My Lady has not eat a bit since it was found out. I was thunderstruck. With whom, said I, is your Lady gone off? Oh, with a poor pitiful parson, as has not got another coat to his back; my lady says, if he had been rich, she should not have cared about it. Go and let your lady know, said I, that Sir Henry Paget wishes to speak to her— Oh dear, said the man, I durst not speak to my lady, for all the world, and the footman durst not speak to her, nor the butler durst not speak to her; nobody can go near her ladyship, but Mrs. Mossop, my lady's own

woman. Well, my friend then, said I, beg Mrs. Mossop, my lady's own woman, to step and speak to me, for a minute. The man shewed me into the dining parlour, and went to fetch Mrs. Mossop, who presently after came, the very essence of affectation and second-hand breeding; how does Lady Arpington do, Mrs. Mossop, said I, as soon as our mutual salutations were over. Oh la! Sir, so ill, that she can hardly be said to be alive; poor lady—such delicate nerves—such great sensibility as she has, no wonder it has affected her; for Sir, the gentleman Lady Elizabeth has married, is as poor as a rat. When did Lady Elizabeth elope, Mrs. Mossop; it is very extraordinary that I should hear nothing of it. Very odd indeed, Sir, replied she, for I dare say all the town is talking of it; her ladyship went off the night

night before last, but we did not find it out till yesterday morning; that is, I mean, between one and two o'clock; my lady sent express after them, but to no purpose, her ladyship read a letter to-day, that her daughter was married. I am sure, Sir Henry, I pity you, to lose such a fine young lady, and such a great fortune, and all for a beggarly parson; but I know what I would do, if I was you; I would certainly challenge him, as soon as he returned, I would teach him better manners to his superiors, that I would. As soon as I could edge in a word, I asked if it was possible to speak to Lady Arpington. Oh dear! no Sir, to be sure. My lady could not speak to any one, I am certain; but if you say any thing to me, it is all the same, added she, with an air of consequence. I am quite my lady's factotum,

as a body may say. I thanked her, but said, I had nothing very particular to say, and would call another time, when her lady was more recovered; but pray Mrs. Mossop, said I, did any female friend accompany Lady Elizabeth? No Sir, only her French woman, who is the vilest creature that ever was, and has certainly been the instigation of her poor lady's ruin; I am sure of it, an intriguing, plotting, aristocrat. I cannot abide them there foreigners, and it is a shame for the English nobility, to encourage them as they do; I cannot think what they see in them, for my part; I am sure, glancing at the looking glass as she spoke, I am sure they are not half so handsome as the Englishwomen; and as for their cleverness, they talk so much about; they are as awkward as an old cow a hunting. I told my lady she would repent

taking

taking such varment into the house, when she hired Mamsel Vallotin, instead of hiring my cousin Betsey, as I wanted her; and now my words are come true. Betsy would have had her head chopped off, before she would have persuaded her lady to marry a poor parson, she knows better; but my lady will be even with Mamsel, not a stitch of her lady's cloaths will she get, but just what they carried with them. Pray Mrs. Mossop, said I, when want of breath obliged her to stop, what is the gentleman's name Lady E. has married. Melmouth, Sir, a poor pitiful country parson, he was curate at ——, and chaplain at Dysart Hall. Chaplain, exclaimed I, does Lady Arpington keep a chaplain? Oh la! yes Sir, in the country, she always has one, for the same reason, I believe that she has a great dog, because there used to

be both, in her grandfather's time, though I am sure they are neither of them of any use, only to walk about, and get fat; but I suppose, for the future, her ladyship will keep neither, for Cæsar bit Fury, my lady's favourite lap dog, and so he was ordered to be shot, and now Mr. Melmouth has runned away with Lady Elizabeth, she is sickened of great dogs, and chaplains, for one while, I warrant her.

I could not forbear smiling at the odd *mélange* of the chaplain, and the great dog, in Mrs. Mossop's narrative; whose volubility, I verily believe, would have lasted for a week, if her lady's bell had not summoned her away. She continued, however, to stay long enough to express her hopes, that Lady E. and her new husband, would not live long together, and when they are divorced

divorced you know, Sir, you may have another chance. Nobody as knows themselves, or any thing of high life, added she, smiling, but contrives to get into the crim con corner of the newspaper, now adays. Lord, what should we be, without a little gallantry. And yet, said I, Mrs. Mossop, you must thank your enemies, the French, for the sale of that precious commodity. La! to be sure, Sir, that is true, and the French men are well enough, it is the women I cannot abide, a set of trumpery minxes! and I am determined to get Mamselle Vallotin sent out of the nation for an allen, if I write to the Duke of Portland myself about her; oh, I know more of her tricks than she thinks of; she shall not take away Mr. Le Due from me, for nothing, I can tell her. Just then, her ladyship's bell rang again, furi-

ously, there now, says she, I shall be scolded like any thing; well, I cannot help it, you know, Sir, I could not run away in the midst of your talking to me. Sir Henry, I have the honour of wishing you a good morning. Mrs. Mossop, I am your humble servant, present my compliments to your lady, and tell her I am *au desespoir*, and so Mrs Chatter-box and I parted, and I praised my stars, as I went out of the house, that I had escaped from the nest of vipers unstung. Thus you see, Ormond, I am as free as the breeze that blows, and in such a good-humour; I am pleased with every thing, and every body, and could find in my heart to hug that good-natured Melmouth, who has so kindly taken the charming Elizabeth off my hands. I intend, as a small testimony of my gratitude, to present him with my

right

right to the twenty thousand pounds forfeit, by Lady Elizabeth's breach of contract. Oh, what a deal of pain, and vexation, and mortification, has his kind interference, just at this critical juncture, saved me. As I returned to St. James's-Square, I again met Percival and Egremont. Well, how is the old Dowager, was their first salute, does she bear the marriage of her daughter, with more philosophy than she did the death of poor Fury, her lap-dog? I told them I could not judge of her ladyship's philosophy, as I had not seen her, and when I assured them that I was ignorant of the event of Lady E's. elopement, till I called in Grosvenor-square, they were quite surprised. Egremont said, I condole with you sincerely Harry, for as the Irish say, I think you have got a loss—and if you should be missing, I will have

the

the serpentine river dragged for you; or if you should be more inclined to live, and be revenged, said Percival, I am your man for a second, when you challenge this daring infringer of your rights. Thank you, thank you, gentlemen, said I, but I am neither for drowning or fighting; the lady has chosen another partner in the matrimonial dance, I am free to do the same, I am not so much of the turtle, as to pine to death for the loss of my mate. No, no, as the story says,

" *Si l'Amour parte des ailes*
" *N'est ce pas pour Voltiger.*"

Bravo, said Egremont, you are a man of spirit, and I commend you for appearing unconcerned, whether the appearance be real or affected. He wears the willow

with

with a good grace, said Percival; these two arch rogues went home with me to dinner, and I could not get rid of them, till they went to the opera, where they sadly wanted to draw me, alledging it was dangerous to leave me alone, in such desperate circumstances; but I positively refused, for I well knew they only wanted to get me there completely to roast me, and their visit was the reason of my not writing to you yesterday. I received an invitation the day I came to town, from the Duke of Northington, to join the festive group at Northington Castle, if the preparations for my nuptials did not interfere with such a devotion of my time; now, as the business of my nuptials is quite over for the present, I shall make one amongst you, before the week is out; and then, Ormond, if you are not come to your senses, I will try

what

what I can do to bring you to them, by a little dose of jealousy, for I certainly shall pay my *devoirs* to that adorable creature, Lady Caroline; but make yourself easy, if you are wise enough to have changed your mind, I am not in love, I assure you, on my honour; but how long I may be able to stay so, the blind god little cupid only knows. I hope, however, for the credit of my understanding, that I shall not fall in love at first sight; no, no, that is only fit for such boys as you to do, Ormond—apropos—the grave Mr. Travers is a lover too—bless me, what a sweet pair of doves you were, shut up in a cage together, what moaning there was for your absent mates, I warrant me! why Travers must be turned of thirty, to be sure, or else he looks older than he is; his love must be made of dowlas or fustian, to last

so

so long without wearing out. I hope your's is of slighter materials. I am really rejoiced to find, though raillery apart, that your father has provided so handsomely for that good man, and I sincerely wish he may find his charmer as constant, as she ought to be. But alas, you know,

" Women are whimsical changeable things."

and happy, thrice happy are those, who can gaze upon their facinating charms, with the easy indifference of your careless friend Harry. And now, my dear Ormond, let me say a few words *(sans badiner)* of the delight that awaits me in my visit to Northington Castle. I shall have the pleasure, so long wished for, of embrassing my earliest and most esteemed friend; would to heaven, that he would

allow

allow me to give him joy, as the received lover of the amiable Caroline, the only woman that I think worthy of such a husband, as my Ormond will make; it is the match I have made for him, ever since I first saw that charming woman; and I must own I cannot give up the pleasing hopes I had formed of the union, with a good grace. I do not know what your father may do, but I think I should be inclined to thrash you well, if you continue refractory. Adieu, about Thursday or Friday you my expect to see,

Your affectionate,

H. P.

LETTER.

LETTER XIV.

Lady Elizabeth Melmouth to Miss Pomerry.

CARLISLE.

WELL, my dear Georgina, the deed is done. I am married, and to Melmouth, too! Good heavens! a fortnight ago I could not have believed it possible; but you see, there is a fate in marriage.—In my last, hasty scrawl,* I told you, that I had been frightened into giving a promise of eloping with Melmouth, for Gretna Green; but I had not time to enter into particulars, as

* This letter does not appear.

as to the strange circumstances that had brought about this wonderful revolution, but I have leisure enough now, for though we flew hither we shall creep back, as I expect to meet my pardon from my mother, before I reach Doncaster, and that will save me the trouble of writing again. I suppose you will wonder at Melmouth's enduring my absence, long enough for me to write much; but the truth is, we have been trifling, and so I am *en humeur boudant*, and have left him to meditate on my displeasure. You will say, we begin by times, and so we do, for we were married only yesterday; but what signifies that? He took the liberty, this morning, of pretending to lay down a plan for our mutual happiness, as the fool called it; does he think I will be tutored by him? No, indeed, my happiness will have little to do with

with his, I believe. I do not think we shall ever be happy at the same time. I never saw such a simpleton as he is, in my life; do you know he has been wanting me to settle an annuity on old Mrs. Edmonds, the clergyman's widow, who was once housekeeper at Dysart Hall, and our confidante at the beginning of this foolish love affair; she has met with a great many misfortunes, (you know those kind of people are always talking of their misfortunes) and Melmouth was running on such a string of nonsense, about charity, and benevolence, and the pleasure of doing a good action, that I do not know where he would have got to, if I had not stared in his face, and with a laugh, asked him if he thought he was in the pulpit, and begged to know how many was necessary to form a congregation. So he stoped short in his harrangue, and

began

began to take the husband upon him, and reprove me for what he pleased to term an unfeeling heart; but I soon silenced him, for I told him with a sneer, that I thought it was rather hard upon me to be expected to make every beggar's fortune I met with, every day, because I had been weak enough to make his; and so I flounced out of the room, and I think he will take more care for the future how he offends. Well, but while I am relating the history of our first matrimonial quarrel, I forgot that you are still unacquainted with the event that made me a wife; but I will hasten to tell you, for I am sure you are dying with curiosity.

Let me see, I believe it is about a week ago, that I was walking in Kensington Gardens, with Vallotin, in a sequestered

part

part of the garden, where no company was, when feeling myself tired, I entered a summer house near the spot, and threw myself on the seat. You will wonder how I came to be walking in a retired part of the garden, with my *Femme de Chambre*, and I allow you have reason for your surprise, as it was a thing I had never done before, for I think walking the most annoying thing in nature, when there is nobody to look at one; but the truth is, I had received an anonymous letter, full of the most violent declarations of love, and the warmest admiration of my irresistible beauty (as it was styled in the best penned *billet doux* I ever read) and entreating me to meet the writer of it, at twelve o'clock the next day, in a particular part of Kensington Gardens. I must own, my curiosity was excited to know who was the writer, and as there was

no

no way of satisfying it, but by keeping the appointment, I determined, at all events, to go; I suspected it came from a person who had been making *les doux yeux* to me, for some time past, and thus was poor I taken in the trap, by that artful, designing man, Melmouth, for it was no other than him; he came from behind the summer house, soon after I had seated myself, and ordering Vallotin, in an authoritive tone, to quit the arbour, advanced towards me with the most determined air I ever saw. I was horridly provoked, for I thought his being there was accidental, and that I should lose my adventure, by this unlucky *rencontre;* but he soon explained the mystery, and informed me, that he was the author of the admired note, which had drawn me thither; and he had the impertinence to tell me, I was the dupe of my

own

own vanity; he then reproached me with my inconstancy, uttered the most violent invectives against my cruelty for refusing to see him, or answer his letters. You must know, he had been pestering me with his dying speeches, till I was quite tired of them, and so I turned one inside out, and sent it back to him, and this so exasperated him, that he came to London determined to obtain an interview, by some means or other, and hit upon the one just mentioned. When he had vented his fury, for he raved like a mad man, and I was so mortified and surprised, I spoke not a word, he put his hand in his pocket, and produced a brace of pistols; then I thought I should have fainted, and had a great mind to call out murder, but he saw my intention, and exclaimed, one word, Madam, and you are

a dead woman; what, stammered I, are you going to rob me? no Madam, I am only asserting my rights; if you do not instantly pledge your honour, that you will consent to elope with me to Gretna Green, in the course of three days, I will lay you a corpse at my feet; and expiate my crime, by immediately inflicting the same death upon myself. Put up these horrid pistols, said I, and I will promise any thing. Do not think, said he, to escape me by a promise; you shall perform that promise, or vengeance shall overtake you, and your life shall be the forfeit of your perfidy. You will easily suppose, I did not hesitate about promising all he required of me, though I was far from intending to perform a title of the contract. When he had hid his pistols, he called Vallotin, and made

made me repeat my promise before her; and when he had laid the plan for our meeting, and appointed the next Thursday for our elopement, we parted. As I returned home with Vallotin, I told her all that had passed, and my determination to tell my mother the whole affair, and to have Melmouth taken up, and obliged to find sureties for his good behaviour; but when I said this, the foolish creature began to cry, and entreat me not to do any such thing, for that she was sure Mr. Melmouth was so desperate, that he cared nothing about his life, and that he would certainly find some means of taking away mine, if I deceived him, and thus she talked me into being as great a fool as herself, and made me afraid to mention a word of the matter to my mother; and besides,

when I came to reflect on the eclat of a Gretna Green expedition—the mortification Sir Henry Paget would suffer—the delight of being the subject of conversation for a fortnight at least; and the vexation my mother would experience, for you must know she had been provoking me sadly about my box at the opera, wanting me to let Lady Barbara Conoly have half of it. I cannot bear Lady Bab, with her long thin nose; Lord Henry Oxendon said, she was prettier than I am; prettier, what a word, as ridiculous as the comparison; but what am I saying. Oh dear, that all these inducements turned the scale in Melmouth's favour, and I laid my schemes so well, with Vallotin's assistance, that not a creature had a suspicion of my design. I got a draft for a thousand pounds of my guardian,

dian, Mr. Ashburn, under pretence of paying for the new setting of my diamonds, which had been done, on account of my intended marriage with Sir Henry Paget, and to pay for some others. I took care, however, to place the notes in my own portfolio, instead of the jeweller's hands, and I carefully packed up my jewels also, as I knew my mother would not let me have them, till I was of age, if I left them behind, and I could not appear without them, you know. My wedding cloaths were bespoke, but not brought home, so I wrote a note to my tradespeople, not to send any thing home, till I gave further orders; by this means I shall find them all ready for me when I get to town, and had only occasion to take a change for the journey. About ten o'clock at night, on

Thursday, I ordered my chariot, and taking Vallotin with me, was set down at Le Bas's, and ordered the carriage to call for me in an hour's time; from thence I took a hackney coach, and proceeded with Vallotin, to Portland Place, where Melmouth was waiting, with a post-chaise and four, and away we went for Gretna Green; we arrived there Saturday morning early, for we travelled night and day, and the blacksmith chained us together. There is one comfort on my side, if Melmouth should behave ill to me, I can hang him at any time, for you know he has stolen an heiress against her will, and put her in fear of her life. This Vallotin can swear to, I am interrupted;————it was Melmouth, as humble as possible, to entreat my pardon,

so

so I have granted it, on condition, that he does not offend in the same way again; and in token of my forgiveness, I am going to play a game of dominos with him; am I not condescending? Adieu.

Ma Charmante Amie,

Toute a vous,

E. MELMOUTH.

LETTER XV.

Miss Amelia Dudly, in Ireland, to Miss Foster, in England.

DUDLY CASTLE.

DEAR MARIA,

WHAT a misfortune, I must ever consider your being obliged to visit England, just when I wanted your friendship, and advice, more than ever! Oh Maria! Maria! my peace, my happiness is fled, I fear for ever. You know and have often reproved the impetuosity of my temper; what would you now say to me, could you see me the slave, the miserable slave of an ungovernable,

ungovernable, and hopeless passion? In my last letter, I acquainted you with the arrival of my English cousin, Augustus Dudly, but I feared your raillery too much to touch upon the subject nearest my heart; that is, the impression this too charming cousin has made upon the affections of your poor Amelia. But now disguise is vain; take then the wretched secret, and I well know, a portion of the hapless owner's misery, will be entailed on your benevolent heart, with the knowledge of it. The first moment he was introduced to me, was fatal to my peace; I no sooner saw, than I admired; and too soon, did admiration kindle into love. How did I tremble, as I watched his intelligent eyes, in their survey of my sister. Leonora's superior charms filled me with apprehension. Ah, thought I, he will admire my sister, while

the poor insignificant Amelia, pines with jealousy and despair; but what was my joy, when I saw the most frigid indifference in his deportment towards her, and how did I exult, when after a few days residence at Dudly Castle, he singled me out for his partner in the dance, when I saw he sought my conversation, and endeavoured, by a thousand little nameless attentions to render himself agreeable to me; but ah! short lived, and fatal to my peace, was the groundless triumph; for he soon found an opportunity of introducing into his discourse, the real object of his admiration; and I had the mortification of being convinced, that he had only sought my society, from an idea, that I had goodnature and patience enough to listen to the praises of his absent mistress. And will you not be surprised to hear, that your impetuous friend

had

had sufficient command of herself, to listen, with apparent composure, to a conversation, every word of which planted a dagger in her heart; it is nevertheless true. I felt convinced, that if he was to entertain the slightest suspicion of my partiality for him, his strict sense of honour would oblige him to fly me—and oh! heaven, to be avoided by Augustus Dudly! there was madness in the thought! by what I gather from his conversation, he is engaged to a Miss Louisa Lenox, and is to be married to her, immediately after his return to England. She is some beggars brat, as his servant has told my Jenny, whom the late General Lenox picked up in America, and adopted for his own child; and his wife, the present Mrs. Lenox, Augustus's aunt, as ridiculous as her husband, makes quite a fool of the girl, and has settled the fortune that ought to

belong to Augustus, on this foundling; so, to make the poor youth amends, he is to have the girl stuffed down his throat for a wife, to get his own fortune; but to say the truth, he seems as infatuated, as the rest of them, for he paints her as the most beautiful, as well as the most perfect of humau beings. I hear, and reply to her praises, in a manner that I can see has endeared me to Augustus; but oh! what a vulture do I cherish in my heart. I can see he is disgusted with my mother and sister's hauteur; therefore I clothe myself with humility, whenever I am with him. We are now upon the easy terms, of a brother and sister, and I can see that I am become quite necessary to his happiness. Oh! if I could break off this hated match! I am sure he would love me, if it were not for this detested Louisa; and have I not a right to

supersede

supersede such a lowborn thing as she is; am I not nobly descended, and heiress to an immense fortune, and shall I give place to one so greatly my inferior. She may be rather handsomer, perhaps, but I dare be answerable for it, she is not more accomplished. You know the expence my father has been at for my education, and you, my Maria, have allowed, though you never flatter, that I did credit to my instructors; and it is this, in some degree, recommends me to my amiable cousin; for he is elegance itself; quite the finished gentleman, and both deeply learned, and highly accomplished; the scholar, without pedantry; the man of fashion, without affectation. You could not blame me for loving him, Maria, if you knew the irresistible charms that have beguiled me of my heart.

I think,

I think, Maria, you are convinced of my affection for you. I hope you do not doubt my readiness to serve you, even to my own disadvantage; tell me then, are you equally well inclined towards me? equally willing to serve me, at the expence of your inclination. I well know what will be your objections, to performing the service I am going to request, but I am sure, if you love me, as sincerely as I do you, your friendship will surmount all difficulties. I want you, my dear Maria, to enquire out this Phœnix, this Louisa Lenox, for I find she resides very near your aunts, and to endeavour to trace out some blemish in her character, that has escaped the notice of her partial admirer—tell me whether she has any lovers in Augustus's absence—in short procure me some ancedote to work upon, that I may alienate the affections

fections of her lover, and fix them on myself. You will say this is base, this is treacherous; but I answer, my life depends upon my union with Augustus, therefore if you love me, if you wish to prolong my days, refuse not my request; it is a thousand to one, if Louisa loves him, as I do. I am sure when he describes her to me, she appears to my imagination, a pillar of ice, a marble statue, cold and inanimate, and this he calls modesty, delicacy; ah, but it is not love! I shall wait your answer with the greatest impatience—ah, if you love me, deny me not—let me admire your indulgence, and be really the friend of,

Your affectionate,

A. DUDLY.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Miss Lenox to Mrs. Mordant.

NORTHINGTON-CASTLE.

I KNOW you will rejoice, my ever honoured friend, to hear that I am in the regions of joy and festivity. Never was any thing equal to the bustle of this house—the domestics all appear as if they had wings—they absolutely fly about like birds, and every accommodation is acquired with such ease, that it reminds me of Parnel's Fairy Tale.

"Without

" Without hands the dishes fly,
" The glasses with a wish come nigh,
" And with a wish retire."

We arrived last night, and to-day the fetes began. We have had a *dejeunné champétre*, and are now retired to change our dresses for dinner, which is never sooner than seven o'clock; after that is over we are to have a play performed (there is a charming theatre here) it is got up by ladies and gentlemen, who I am told are capital performers; it is to be the comedy of the Way to Keep Him—a play I am particularly fond of. When I have seen it, I can tell you more about it; as you know I am never long dressing, I steal these few minutes from my toilet, and dedicate them to your amusement, for I must write by snatches, or I perceive I shall not be able

to

to give you a distinct account. The amusements succeed each other so rapidly, there is scarce time to set their names down. To-morrow we are to have a masquerade in a superb style. Oh! but I must say a word or two, about Lord Ormond, for I know you are curious to hear my opinion. From the little I have seen of his Lordship, which has been in the midst of a crowd, I think him a pattern of elegance, and good-breeding; he is tall, and rather inclined to the *enbonpoint;* has great dignity of parts, and when grave, has a very commanding aspect; but when he smiles, affability, and condescension play around every feature; the tone of his voice has a peculiar sweetness, and when he is conversing with women, there is a softness in his manner, extremely engaging; he is politely attentive to what every body says, and never interrupts

rupts the most insipid discourse, nor returns an inattentive answer to a frivolous question. I have seen his Lordship's patience undergo a severe trial, this morning, with that coxcomb the Honourable Mr. Spencer, as he styles himself; he has been absolutely boring Lord Ormond with the most insignificant, and ridiculous questions, relative to his Lordship's French excursion, at the beginning of the republican system, in France; to all which, Lord O. returned polite and intelligent replies, nor once indicated by his manner, that he thought his interrogator a fool—but I am sure that must be his Lordship's opinion. Adieu, I must dress.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

I shall soon lose the rosy checks you are so anxious to see in bloom, my dear Mrs. Mordant,

Mordant, if I keep such raking hours—fye upon it! but I have been highly entertained, the play was charmingly performed—a delightful Lovemore, and an enchanting Mrs. Belmour. My dear Mrs. Lenox, was quite pleased, you know she loves a play. She retired to bed as soon as it was over, and I hope, has been asleep these three hours; but we rakes have been supping, and singing after supper—Oh! what a singer is Lord Ormond! his friend Sir Henry Paget arrived here just as the play had begun—he sings with great taste, and has been a great addition to our musical party; he is all gaiety, his countenance is more expressive of mirth and good humour, than any I ever saw; it is impossible to deny him a smile, when he addresses you; he had not seen his dear friend, Lord O. since his return from abroad,

abroad, and he appeared absolutely wild with joy. One would have expected to see him in low spirits, for he has just lost his love; he was on the eve of marriage with Lady E. Dysart, and she has eloped with a Mr. Melmouth, for Gretna Green, and is really married; but I believe the other was quite a family match—but little love on either side; poor Sir Harry was sadly roasted at supper, but he bore it with perfect good temper, and spoke very respectfully of the lady. A great merit when he had just received such a slight. If I chat any longer, I know you will be angry with me—for if you were here, and I wish with all my heart you were, you would say, go to bed child, go to bed, you will ruin your consitution by these late hours. Well, I obey, *bon soir*, or rather, *bon jour*, my dear friend.

THURSDAY

THURSDAY MORNING, TWELVE O'CLOCK.

I have been down in the breakfast parlour, but not a creature is stirring yet, so I will scribble a little to my dear Mrs. Mordant, till some of the company are assembled. I must give you a little specimen of Mr. Spencer's high esteem for your poor friend, because it will enable you to form a more perfect idea of his character. I was sitting next Lady Caroline, in the stage box, last night; Lord Ormond, and Mr. Spencer on the seat behind us, when Sir Henry Paget came in, and after a cordial meeting between him and Lord O. he took a place in the back seat, and I heard him whisper to Lord O. for heaven's sake, Ormond, who is that enchanting creature?

Lord

Lord O. smiled, and bid him take care of his heart, but Mr. Spencer replied to the question thus—nobody, positively nobody, Sir Henry—though forced by her patroness into the best company, she has no claim to such indulgence—for I am informed she is some poor foundling, a lowborn person, brought up for charity, by the late General Lenox, and though extremely handsome, there is a certain something about her, that shews she is not one of us. I thought, replied Sir Henry, sarcastically, that I perceived a difference—there is not a lady in the house, that is the least like her. Oh no, said Mr. Spencer, it is so easy to know a woman of fashion. I can always distinguish one with a *coup d'œil.* I never doubted your penetration, Spencer, replied Sir Henry, and I am now unequivocally convinced of it; the conceited thing bowed,

and

and took this irony for a high compliment. You may be sure, I felt very awkward, for Mr. Spencer took care to speak loud enough for me to hear; however, I redoubled my attention to the performance, and soon succeeded in recovering my countenance; at supper, the attention Lord O. and Sir Henry paid me, convinced me the ill-natured history had made but little impression on their minds; the Duchess was more than usually kind, Lady Caroline is ever so, and my vain depreciator shrunk into the nonentity he had described me to be. But I have not told you who is here; if I was to name every one, I should fill my letter with the nomenclature; but I will mention those you know; first then, Lord and Lady Belisle; he is just as tyrannical and morose to his amiable and meek lady, and as polite, attentive, and eager to oblige others

as

as usual; you have often remarked, with great indignation, his cold, nay some-times brutal contempt, for that beautiful, but unfortunate woman; excelling, as she does, half the women that surround her, both in person and mind, it is astonishing he can be so blind; however, he is partly repaid for his folly; every body pities Lady B. and detests her oppressor; and yet the vain creature is so full of his own consequence, that he fancies every woman is dying for him, and persuades himself that if he was not shackled, as he calls it, half the belles of fashion would pull caps for him. Lady B. was entreated to play, and sing last night, which she executed *en connoisseur*. Her performance was received with rapture, by the whole company, excepting her hateful Lord, and he yawned so much all the while, that Sir Henry Pa-

 get

get asked him what he was made of, to appear indifferent to such heavenly strains? They would be very well, replied Lord B. if wife, wife, wife, was not at the end of every cadence. Sir Harry turned from him with silent contempt; and the brute thought he had been so witty, that he gave my patience a death wound, by the high good humour he seemed in with himself; for I saw the tears swimming in Lady B.'s sweet eyes, and the struggle she had to repress them. Nothing, certainly, can equal his brutality, but her patience. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney are here, and the two Miss Sydneys—Lucy Sydney enquired most affectionatly after you, my dear Madam; she is the same sweet girl she ever was, all good nature, and affability. I am sure she is a convincing proof how unnecessary beauty is to render a person agreeable.

Lucy

Lucy is far from handsome, but there is a charm in her countenance irresistibly pleasing, the soul of goodnature beams in her expressive eyes; she is polite, sensible, unaffected, and quite free from that detestable fault called envy; her great modesty always throws her in the back ground, at great assemblies, but when she does attract attention, she is sure to rivet it; she does not dazzle the eye, she engages the heart. There is a Miss Foster with Lucy, a niece of Mrs. Sydney's, a very agreeable young lady, and I have found out that she is the very identical Miss Foster Augustus Dudly mentioned in his last letter, as the intimate friend of the youngest Miss D. at Dudly Castle. Oh, but I must tell you, there is an odd coincidence of names, between an old gentleman and your Louisa, that struck me exceedingly, when I first

heard him named; it is the Count de Weltzden, a German nobleman, with whom the Duke of Northington was very intimate, some years ago, at Vienna; and who being now in England on some politic mission, has taken the indulgence of a few days recreation at Northington Castle. My dear Mrs. Lenox, was struck as well as myself, when she heard the name; but then you know, my dear Mrs. Mordant, I have not the least reason to suppose my poor father could boast any but an obscure origin; besides the name of Weltzden may be a very common one in Germany. What is rather remarkable, the good old gentleman takes the most flattering notice of me, and when my dear mother told him I could speak German, he appeared quite delighted, and has attached himself to me ever since, and praises my performance

on

on the grand piano, in strains of rapture. Mrs. Lenox laughed last night, and told me, she must write, and tell Augustus he had got a formidable rival.; if it would make him come home the sooner, I would willingly countenance the frolic. Miss Evelyn tells me, that she believes there are some thoughts of a match between Lady Caroline, and Lord Ormond; at least the Duchess expects such a proposal will be made very soon. I think if it is, it will not be rejected, for I can see his Lordship is not disagreeable to Lady Caroline, and the Duchess betrays her anxiety for the union every instant, by the attention with which she remarks every thing Lord O. does, or says, and the pique she seems to feel, if his Lordship shews the slightest *penchant* for any body but Lady C——; indeed they would be a charming

couple, and I should like it of all things, but *entre nous*, I am afraid it will turn out to be a *chateau en espagne*, and this is my reason; I have observed Lord O.'s deportment to Lady Caroline, and can perceive nothing that indicates more than the admiration such a blazing lustre of charms must attract from every gazer. I must own I had made up my mind to expect these two Paragons would inevitably fall in love with each other; but never set me down for a witch any more, and you know you have called me a little witch, a thousand times, if it does not turn out, by and by, that Lord O. has disposed of his heart, before he came here, and this conclusion I have drawn from a number of little circumstances, too trifling to mention; but which are undoubted proofs, of the affections being engaged, and from the deep long

drawn

drawn sighs his Lordship now and then suffers to escape him, I fancy the love ballad would make but a doleful ditty—you know I may aspire to some judgment in love affairs, for,

" I know what it is to admire and to love,
" And to quit what I love and admire."

Well, I declare, here is Lady Caroline herself, come to summon me; she tells me all but the dormice are in the breakfast room, and they cannot rise till the sun scorches them out of their nests.

THREE O'CLOCK THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

I will just tell you, my dear Madam, a little of the plan of our dresses to-night, for

the masqurade, and when I have done that I will conclude, and send off this letter, as I suppose I shall have enough to fill a quire of paper, when I write the description of this wonderful fete.

We are to have two dances, entirely of Lady Caroline's composition, who has taken her idea of them, from Dryden's beautiful Fable of the Flower and the Leaf; there are to be six ladies, and six gentlemen, in each dance, dressed in uniform. Lady Caroline's party are to be worshipers of the Leaf, and she herself is to represent Diana, or the Lady of the Leaf, and to be dressed as like as possible to the beautiful description in the abovementioned poem, and her followers the same, except the golden crown which points her out as Queen; Lady Emily Osborn is to be Flora,

Flora, or the Lady of the Flower, and to preside over the other danc . which is to be composed of the worshipers of the daisy; to save you the trouble of looking over Dryden's Fables, for that of the Flower and the Leaf, I have made a short extract from that poem, which will give you a perfect idea of the dresses, both of ladies and gentlemen; but you are to observe, that Lady Caroline has very judiciously substituted white sarsnet, for velvet, which would be too heavy to dance in. As an honour, I am admitted to the society of those who worship the laurel; we turn all the giddy people over to the care of Flora, and we have had a laughable dispute this morning, with Sir Henry Paget, who was a very urgent candidate for admission to the laurel society. Lady C. insisted that he was much too volatile, to represent one

of the twelve worthies, and that he would be much better placed among the Daisy Knights. He asserted his right to the laurel crown, with great drollery, and at last it was decided by ballot, which turned out favourable to the facetious Sir Harry's wishes, and he has promised not to relax his muscles so much as to smile, for the next twenty-four hours, and the gravity he has assumed, contrasted to the arch turn of his eye, render it impossible for any body else to be grave, that looks at him; but no effort of his companions to make him break his resolution, has hitherto succeeded, though numberless comic tricks have been tried. Lord Ormond is a Laurel Knight, and is to dance with Lady Caroline; we are going to rehearse presently, that we may be perfect in the figure, at the masquerade; an odd thing has happened respecting this dance,

dance, which has disconcerted Lady Caroline a good deal. Her ladyship very good-naturedly offered Miss Evelyn, who you know is her companion, to join the Laurel Ladies, and as it is considered a favour, Lady C. was all astonishment, when Miss E. begged to decline accepting the offer, as she had fixed upon another dress. Lady C. wanted to know what she meant to wear, but she refused politely, but positively, to tell, and added, she thought all the wit of a masquerade was, the being ignorant of each other's dresses. Yes, replied Lady C. rather sharply, if you have an intrigue to carry on, otherwise I think it much pleasanter to know, and be known by one's friends. Miss E. blushed so consciously, that had I not known her perfectly, and the prudeuce of her conduct, I should have thought Lady Caroline's re-

tort was felt more than it ought to be, by an innocent person. My dear Mrs. Lenox intends returning to Lenox Abby on Saturday; she says, the bustle is rather too much for her, but she insists on leaving me here for a day or two longer, as Lady Caroline does not seem to like parting with me. I shall return on Tuesday notwithstanding, with Mrs. Sydney, who has offered me a seat in her carriage. Adieu, my dear Mrs. Mordant, I will write again when this wonderful masquerade is over.

Ever affectionately your's,

L. L.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Miss Foster to Miss Dudly.

CAN it be possible, that the letter I have just read was written by my friend, Miss Amelia Dudly? Surely the characters have deceived me, and my senses are imposed upon, by some vile forgery, at once disgraceful to her, and painful to me. I cannot describe the emotions which distressed my heart, whilst perusing what, but for the valued name at the bottom, would have been committed to the flames half read. Oh! my once esteemed, and still loved Amelia, how could you so far forget yourself, and me, as to address such a letter

to

to your Sophia; did I ever, in any instance, give you reason to suppose I was capable of being made the tool of a wicked purpose? Alas! from what a high pinnacle of fancied greatness am I fallen. I once fondly flattered myself, that the uniformity of my conduct, the steadiness of my principles, and that unshaken integrity, which it has been the study of my life to cultivate, had procured me the respect of my acquaintance, and the esteem of my friends; but I have been mistaken, grossly mistaken, and my vanity has suffered the mortification it deserved, for had you either respected, or esteemed me, you could not have presumed to make me such a proposal. You know my love for you too well, to doubt me, when I assure you, that amidst all the resentment that has so justly glowed in my bosom at your cruel treatment of me, pity,

tender

tender pity, for the sad, the hopeless passion that has filled your heart, has mingled itself with every angry emotion; for, that there is not a single hope for you to build on, I am as certain, as it is possible to be in a mortal state. I am now under the same roof with Miss Lenox, and have for several days had the pleasure of her enchanting society. I have observed her with the most scrutinizing attention, and the result of my observation is, a firm conviction, that if Mr. Dudly is indeed the amiable, accomplished man you describe him to be, and if he has ever really loved the charming Louisa, it is morally impossible he should change the object of his affection, for one so much her inferior as you certainly are. You will, no doubt, be highly offended with me, for thus candidly speaking my opinion; but there is no friendship without

without sincerity; and should I not be highly culpable, to see you making blindfold towards the brink of a precipice, without attempting to tear the bandage from your eyes, while retreat is yet in your power. Let me entreat you, my dear Amelia, as you value your future peace of mind, to shake off the dreadful delirum that has seized you, and suffer your good-understanding to resume its wonted power, and save you from perdition. You remember that the prophet Balaam, when he was called upon to curse the children of Israel, was forced, by the irresistible power of God, to change that curse to the most extensive blessing; mine is a parallel case, I think—you have entreated me to find a blemish in the amiable Miss Lenox, that you may use it to destroy her peace of mind; but like the wicked King who sent

for

for Balaam, you must endure the torment of hearing praise, instead of detraction. The very lips you wish should curse, shall bless her. Yes, I am determined to probe you to the quick, and I hope, though the operation is painful, it will be wholesome. Miss Lenox, in person, is a perfect model of beauty; her form unites the lightness of a nymph, to the majesty of a goddess; her complexion is beautiful; it is not that set red, and white, generally admired; but it is continually varying, as her rosy blushes glow, or fade. Lady Caroline Egerton is a celebrated toast, but in my humble opinion, her ladyship is not to be compared to Miss Lenox; it is true, Lady Caroline, will attract the first gaze, for there is a delicate reserve in the lovely Louisa, that makes her shrink from the admiration she cannot avoid exciting; but when the eye once

makes

makes the comparison between the two beauties, Miss Lenox always bears away the palm; her features are delicate, but not childish, and the expression of her fine dark eyes, shaded by silken eyelashes, and finely arched eyebrows of the same hue, I am persuaded, will not easily be forgotten by those, who have once seen them. In her dress she is simply elegant, nor is there the least affectation, or vanity, in any thing she does, or says; though the idol of all who know her. My cousin Sydney's maid, told me yesterday, that Miss Lenox is adored by all the servants in Mrs. Lenox's family, and that all the poor people, for ten miles round Lenox Abbey, have reason to bless her. In accomplishments, I do not know her equal, Lady Caroline has miniatures, drawings, and oilpaintings, of Miss Lenox's doing, all equally perfect in their kind.

kind. She plays on the grand piano, and the harp, most delightfully, and sings like an angel; is mistress of Italian, French, and German, and well read in all the best English Authors; and yet, this model of perfection is so unaffectedly modest, and humble, that to converse with her as a stranger, you would suppose she was mistress of goodbreeding alone. You need not talk of making Mr. Dudly inconstant, Miss Lenox has far more brilliant temptations to be so, than any that can fall in his way; all the gentlemen are dying for her. Sir Henry Paget, a man of large fortune, elegant manners, and a pleasing person, is so much in love with her, that he can see no other lady in the room. The Duchess of Northington was roasting him the other day, on his partiality, which is visible to every body,

body, her grace told him, he must fight a duel with Mr. Dudly before he could win the prize; he answered, for such a prize he would not hesitate to fight the combined armies of all Europe; but it is easy to perceive, that Sir Henry's attentions give pain to Miss Lenox, who having nothing of the coquette in her, does not wish to inflict pain she cannot cure; her manners are pleasing beyond description; there is an innocent liveliness, tempered by delicacy, which quite charms, when she is in a small circle, that is, in our morning rambles, or before the gentlemen join us after dinner; for in a croud, as I before observed, she is rather reserved, and always gives rather than takes the lead. Lady Caroline Egerton, and Miss Lenox, are like sisters, and though both beauties, there is never the

least

least jealousy between them; for both seem generously determined to yield to each other. You see, my dear Amelia, what a spotless character you wish me to calumniate, and how impossible the task you have set me; I hope you are by this time convinced, that it is out of your power to rival such a woman; as well might one of the smallest stars that glimmer in the twilight contend for superiority with the queen of night.

There must be some drawback on all earthly felicity, and your letter has acted as a ballance to the pleasures that now dance around me. Northington Castle is one continued scene of festivity and delight; but as descriptions of gaiety are very insipid, to a heart ill at

ease,

ease, I shall wave the subject, and reserve all my little histories for our happy meeting; when I hope I shall find my Amelia restored to reason, and peace, and as worthy as ever of the tender esteem of her affectionate and sincere,

S. FOSTER.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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